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STATE AND CHURCH IN GERMANY AND ITALY.

THE Bill introduced by the German Government for dissolving or controlling the institutions of the Jesuits has received some important modifications, and in its new shape has been passed by a very large majority in the Lower House of the Imperial Parliament. As the measure now stands, it altogether forbids the existence in Germany of any establishments belonging to the Jesuits or to kindred orders. The constitution of new branches of such orders is forbidden, and those at present existing are to be dissolved within a period to be named by the Federal Council. Foreign members of the prohibited orders are to be expelled from Germany, and, if Germans, may be ordered away from one part of Germany to another, and their residence may be fixed for them according as the authorities think fit. The highest class of police authorities under the special direction of a Committee of the Federal Council is to see that the provisions of the Bill are carried into execution. The noticeable features of the measure in its present shape are the explicit and unreserved prohibition of the orders, and the delegation to the Federal Council of the duty of seeing that the law is not left a dead letter. It is not only the Jesuits who are persecuted, but all orders like the Jesuits—that is, we presume, all orders which exist not merely for religious purposes, but to carry out the special policy of the Court of Rome. Every one acquainted with Roman Catholic countries is aware that there are many religious bodies which are organized on much the same principles as the Society of Jesus, although their organization may not be so complete nor their devotion to Papal interests quite so absorbing. But there are many bodies or orders as to which friends could see, and enemies would decline to see, a difference between them and the Jesuits. How far the law is to be applied to them will be a question of much practical difficulty, and its solution was therefore left to the Federal Council. But it was not only that there were orders as to which it might be doubtful whether the law should operate. The real difficulty which the Parliament had to face was how to ensure a common action of all the German Governments, when it is notorious that with some of them—as, for example, that of Saxony—the Jesuits stand on a very good footing. Prince BISMARCK could not interfere out of Prussia in virtue of any control he may have over Prussian administration; and if a mere general law had been passed, saying that the Jesuits and their allies should be expelled, the Government of any tiny State would have simply had to do nothing, and the Jesuits in its dominions would have been able to bid defiance to the German Parliament. This would have been worse than no Bill at all; for if the Bill is to be justified, it must be justified on the ground that the supreme safety of the whole Fatherland requires that it should be adopted in order that German unity may not be broken up by the machinations of its enemies. But if one State harboured the Jesuits and another did not, if Saxony or Hesse received the spiritual enemies of the Empire when Prussia sent them away, the very evil of internal division which the Bill is intended to prevent would have been brought about. It seemed therefore necessary to create a central authority for the special purpose of seeing the Bill made operative, the powers of which should extend into every State, and which should not be thwarted by the caprices or predilections of particular Governments. A Committee of the Federal Council is the authority to which these powers have been confided, and in such a Committee, although others may furnish information and suggest matter for consideration, Prince BISMARCK is likely to reign supreme. If Saxony or any other little State wished to befriend the Jesuits, it would be powerless to do so; for even

if it were represented on the Committee, it would be at once overruled. So long as the Parliament trusts the Committee it will leave much to its judgment. It will not inquire too nicely why one religious body is dissolved and another is spared. It will be content that a reasonable time should be given for the dissolution of existing bodies. But it will ask that the general objects it has sought to attain shall be attained. This Bill, it must be observed, is a very strong measure. It flies in the face of the principles of religious toleration, and it cuts across the chief basis on which German unity was supposed to be founded—that of the independent jurisdiction for all purposes of internal Government inherent in the separate States of the Empire. That the sacrifices thus made must have been much regretted by many of those who voted for the Bill is beyond question; and all that can be said is that the Parliament must have thought the danger a very serious one, when it was willing to risk so much and to give up so much in order to encounter it in what it considered an effective manner.

Italy appears to be treading in the same path as Germany, and the introduction of a measure in the Italian Parliament for the suppression of religious bodies has been made the subject of a Papal manifesto. The POPE denounces the continual encroachments which he alleges to be made on his authority in Italy as a violation of the principles of morality and justice. He owns that he might have escaped the sad spectacle of this disregard of all that is right by the simple expedient of going away; but he says that it would not answer for him to go; or, as he puts it, motives of the highest religious interest counsel him not to abandon his See at present. That he is free, he acknowledges; but no one must presume to think that he is independent. He is not going to surrender a single jot of his grievances. Above all, he scouts the notion of any compromise being possible with the Italian Government. He has been robbed, and he is not going to negotiate with robbers, while he rejects all guarantees as utterly illusory. He sees no prospect before him but that of constant fighting with wicked men; and if they will make him fight, he wishes them to understand that he is quite ready for the conflict. Fortunately for the Italians, he does not content himself with resting on the safe ground of spiritual denunciations. He proceeds to touch on matters which all Italians can understand perfectly well. He ventures to assure the world, as if he were merely stating a notorious fact, that the Pontifical Throne, far from being an embarrassment to the greatness and independence of Italy, was a bond between princes and peoples, a centre of concord and peace, the source of Italian greatness, the guardian of her independence, and the constant support and rampart of her liberty. As to many of the claims of the POPE, Italians bred in the fold of the Catholic Church may often have uncomfortable twinges of uncertainty. No one can say what are the limits of the spiritual power of any one who chooses to assert that he has absolute spiritual power. The future of mankind is shrouded in mystery, and possibly the POPE may know more about it than others know. If several hundred bishops pronounce him infallible, it is of course possible that in some sense, difficult for Italians to determine, he may be so. But it must be extremely reassuring to Italians to find that in everything of which they can judge, and as to all the facts of recent history, the POPE is one of the most deluded and wrongheaded men alive. It is not two years since the French garrison occupied Rome, and yet Italians are quietly asked to own that the Temporal Power sustained by a foreign garrison was a rampart of Italian liberty. It is only a few years since Austria was upholding the Temporal Power, and there were enthusiastic rejoicings in Papal circles when the battle of Solferino was supposed to

be going in favour of the Austrians. Italians are now asked to believe that the Papal Court was the best friend and guardian of Italian independence. The only Italian Sovereign whom the people would allow to retain his Crown was also the only Italian Sovereign who quarrelled with the POPE; and Italians are now invited to admit that the Temporal Power was a bond of concord between prince and people. Everything that Italy has known, or seen, or done for the last twelve years is to be twisted round the wrong way, and then the world will see that the POPE has been always right. It is entirely impossible for persons outside the Papal circle to conceive what imaginable advantages it is supposed are to follow from childish folly of this kind. The inevitable effect of making such transparent misstatements must be to convince Italians that the POPE has not the slightest notion of what the independence and greatness and liberty of Italy mean. When he tells them they are very wicked, that is a matter of opinion, as to which they may have some anxiety; but when he tells them that the French occupation of Rome was the symbol of Italian greatness and freedom, they know he is talking nonsense. The ground on which religious orders are to be suppressed is that the political interests of Italy require their suppression, and when the Italians are asked to pause, they discover that the person who is so earnestly warning them stands as wholly out of the sphere of Italian politics as if he were a French corporal or an Austrian lancer. The world which the POPE understands and the world which the Italians understand lie wholly apart; and the Italians can therefore do nothing else than go on with the things they comprehend, unmoved by his eloquence or his wrath.

The suppression of religious bodies is perhaps the severest, but it is also the easiest, of the measures which Germany or Italy can take in the conflict with Ultramontanism. A religious body has definite members whom the police can disperse, it has ascertainable property which the police can seize. When the State sets itself to dissolve such a body, it has a visible work to do and a tangible object to attack. If public opinion in Germany and Italy would support the Government in the execution of its task, and if the Government thought proper to take the consequences, including that of a possible reaction in public opinion, all the religious bodies in the two countries might be suppressed in a twelvemonth. But the State has a much harder task in fighting Ultramontanism when it is merely occupied with the petty incidents of the conflict. What, for example, is to be done to a bishop who entirely declines to answer letters? The Bishop of ERMUND lately incurred the displeasure of the Prussian Government because he threatened or pronounced excommunication in such a manner as to impair or imperil the civil status of a Prussian subject. The Government complained, and he condescended to answer that he went by canonical, not by Prussian, law. Nothing more can be got out of him. The Government has written for explanations, but he will not give any, and now he has been informed that, unless he breaks silence and gives some sort of answer within a week, the Cabinet will consider that he is not going to answer at all, and will act accordingly. This sounds very well; but what is it that the Cabinet intends to do when it "acts accordingly"? It is almost impossible in such a case for a Government not to do either too much or too little, not to seem to persecute for a trifle, or not to incur the ridicule of appearing powerless. Of course the German Government feels this, and, as one mode of avoiding indirectly the difficulty of dealing with small oppositions, it is said to have thought of the strange expedient of claiming a prescriptive right to share in that amount of control over the election of the next Pope which may be exercised by Powers having a conditional right to interfere. Perhaps in a petty war, such as a war with priests must necessarily be to a great extent, Prince BISMARCK may think he must have recourse to somewhat petty arts and trivial means of embarrassing an enemy. But in these days the notion of lay Powers controlling the election of a Pope is absurd. The Popes are at least entitled to be chosen freely in return for the loss of their temporal power. Their force is now a spiritual force only. It is true that they, or those by whom they are guarded and surrounded, conceive that it is their duty and privilege to use this spiritual power for political ends. But to seize on the exact point where the spiritual power, even when thus used, is plainly abused, is not by any means easy, and the German Government will have many vexations to endure, and many irritating though trivial problems to solve, before it can congratulate itself on having made the supremacy of the State sufficiently recognized.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

THE Correspondence between the English and American Governments on the Supplementary Article and on the proposal for an adjournment still retains a certain interest, though its practical importance has been superseded by more recent events. The rumours and extracts of secret despatches in various newspapers had so often proved to be authentic, that credit was attached to a spurious version of the addition proposed by the Senate to the Supplementary Article. The alleged stipulation that neither Government should hereafter be responsible for violations of neutrality committed by its subjects or citizens sounded like an unseasonable and discourteous jest. It is satisfactory to find that the amendment really introduced, though it was dangerously ambiguous, may well have been composed in perfect good faith. It is not only unfortunate, but absurd, that when both Governments were apparently anxious to adjust their differences, the chance of maintaining the Treaty should depend on a mere question of days or of hours. Ample illustration has been given of the inconvenience of telegraphic communication in cases where important interests depend on mere niceties of language. The Senate can scarcely be acquitted of the charge of trifling with a great question when it refused to prolong its Session in the hope of arriving at an understanding. It was not absolutely necessary to adjourn of the day which had been previously fixed, when it was known that the PRESIDENT was powerless to adopt even the most acceptable form of the article under discussion. LORD GRANVILLE, who has received some blame in England for his unconcealed eagerness to save the Treaty, may at least be credited with a sincere desire to give favourable consideration to any American proposal. No explanation was given of the reasons for suggesting the wide and indefinite stipulation that claims for remote or indirect losses should not be admitted for the future as the result of failure to observe neutral obligations.

It would be a useless and ungrateful task to follow the details of the communications which have been exchanged between LORD GRANVILLE and MR. FISH; but it is worth while to notice the exact nature of the issue which has for some months past been in dispute. That the Indirect Claims were unreasonable, preposterous, and unfounded, has been gradually but virtually conceded; but it has been thought that the honour of the United States was concerned in the proposition that the claims, whatever might be their character, were covered by the Treaty. The English Government were on their part compelled to accept the challenge, inasmuch as their sole objection to submitting the claims to arbitration was founded on a construction of the letter of the Treaty, and on the instructions and intentions of the English negotiators. If MR. BANCROFT DAVIS had by a slight stretch of audacity demanded payment of the whole costs of the war, instead of two-fifths of the amount, the claim must nevertheless have been submitted to the Tribunal if it had been covered by the terms of the Treaty. But for the late speech of LORD CAIRNS it might have been thought that all competent English critics were agreed in MR. GLADSTONE'S interpretation of the Treaty; and it was known, on the authority of SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, that the English Commissioners had supposed a promise to have been given that the claims should be excluded. The question, therefore, was not whether the English Government should pay for the cost of the war after the battle of Gettysburg, with seven per cent. interest, but whether the American interpretation of the Treaty should be sustained by the submission of the claims to the Arbitrators. It might have occurred to the SECRETARY OF STATE that his admission of the unfounded nature of the claims furnished a strong argument in favour of the English contention. It was probable that the Commissioners intended to exclude demands which could not decently be pressed or supported by argument. If the insertion of the Indirect Claims in the American Case was inconsistent with justice, it would have seemed reasonable that they should be simply withdrawn. The PRESIDENT, who had through his Ministers and their agents framed the Case on his own responsibility, might assuredly have modified its terms without requiring the assent of the Senate.

MR. FISH told SIR E. THORNTON that MR. ADAMS would, on his arrival in London, unofficially convince LORD GRANVILLE that he was entirely opposed to the principle of claims for consequential damages. It may be fairly surmised that MR. FISH concurred with MR. ADAMS, though he had some months before preferred the same claims in the most extravagant form. The calculated rudeness of the Case, the personal vituperation of English statesmen, the irrelevant charges of bad faith against the English Government, would not have countenanced

the assumption that any of the American demands were preferred without any purpose that they should be pressed. Mr. FISH has since persuaded himself that, in asking for some hundreds of millions, he had never attempted to obtain pecuniary compensation for the Indirect Claims. The inquiry whether claims which were at last acknowledged to be baseless had been covered by the Treaty strongly resembles the Jansenist controversy at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Holy See having declared that certain propositions maintained by JANSEN were heretical, his followers willingly acknowledged the validity of the decision; but some of them ventured to object that JANSEN had in fact neither believed nor propounded the objectionable dogmas. The Jesuits, on the other hand, insisted that the POPE was infallible in matters of fact as well as in articles of faith; and at their instigation the enlightened theologian LOUIS XIV. persecuted the Jansenists, and even furnished occasion for a proverb by prohibiting the relics of one of their confessors from performing miracles at his tomb. The Americans admit that the Indirect Claims are heretical, but they maintain that they are recognized in the inspired document of Washington. Mr. FISH gravely declared that the United States were quite as much interested as Great Britain in procuring a decision adverse to the claims which had been still more gravely advanced by Mr. FISH himself. Lord GRANVILLE had, on the other hand, maintained with unanswerable force that claims which a competent Tribunal would not have sanctioned could not without a forfeiture of self-respect have been allowed by England to become the subject-matter of a reference. It is highly probable that if no remonstrance had been made Mr. CALEB CUSHING would have employed all his eloquence in supporting the propositions which had been affirmed by Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS. If Mr. EVARTS had preferred professional self-respect to patriotic devotion, it is conceivable that the Arbitrators might have yielded to the arguments of his more thoroughgoing colleague. Lord GRANVILLE made a large concession when he consented to discuss an equivalent for the withdrawal of the claims. A litigant cannot acquire a fresh right by preferring an unjust demand. When the English Government refused to allow the Indirect Claims to be referred to the Tribunal, it virtually protested against any pretension which might be founded on concession to its arguments. The denial of a right amounts to a refusal to buy it off; but perhaps Lord GRANVILLE may have been justified in consenting to pay a colourable price for the withdrawal of a chimerical pretension. That the English Government should repudiate the monstrous doctrine invented by Mr. SUMNER was absurd; but it was not inconsistent. When the Senate required that some further modification should be introduced into the law of nations, it was at least excusable to hesitate. The Americans are the sole judges of the provisions of their own Constitution, but it is inconvenient to negotiate the details of a Convention with an irresponsible body which is incapable of being represented by a plenipotentiary.

The prevailing impression that the Arbitrators will themselves find an outlet from the present complications may perhaps be justified by the result; but it is difficult to understand how they can reject the Indirect Claims without deciding the question which the English Government has refused to submit to their discretion. If they can adjourn for a day or for a week, it would seem that they must also have power to adjourn for eight months or for an indefinite period. If the American agents successfully object to the postponement of the inquiry, it only remains for England to retire from an arbitration which has been already sought with undue eagerness.

THE NEW BALLOT BILL.

THE Lords made very short work of the Ministerial Ballot Bill on Monday night. It took them only a few hours to undo all the work at which the Commons laboured so incessantly night after night. They rushed through the clauses, trampling out everything that gave the Bill the slightest meaning or value, and substituting a very extraordinary measure of their own. The basis of this invention of the Conservative peers is what is called the optional Ballot. No one is to vote secretly who does not wish to do so. The voter is to sign his voting-paper as openly as he pleases, and every one who knows how he votes will be able to spread his knowledge as quickly and widely as he may think fit. If he likes, the voter may go into a private recess and fill in his paper secretly, but the mode in which he has voted will be perfectly well known to any one who cares to find out his secret. In order to

check personation the Lords have sanctioned a scheme by which the mode in which every vote is given will be known to the agents of the candidates. Further, they have taken no efficient precaution against the agent disclosing, to all whom it might concern, the real course pursued by the voter who fancied himself secured against risk by the mysteries of the private compartment in which he had voted. Finally, the Lords decided that this Bill should only remain in force until 1880, as they wished to see how the experiment would work. There was a touch of humour in this last provision which has a merit of its own. It would, as the Peers thought, be a subject of legitimate curiosity to ascertain whether at the end of eight years the nation would have had enough of a measure which no Government has supported, which no constituency has ever heard of, which would cause an immense amount of unnecessary inconvenience, which would lead to much foul play and petty fraud, and which could not possibly produce any single advantage of any sort to anybody. Eight years of such a Bill must be enough for any one, and then England would be disgusted with the Ballot, and return to the good old practice of open voting, and it would be seen how wise the Lords had been in 1872, and how thoroughly they had gauged the secret wishes of the country.

It is true that the majority by which the great scheme of the optional Ballot was carried was not very large, and was insignificant by the side of the decisive majority which countenanced the adoption of the Duke of RICHMOND's plan for defeating personation. The Duke said that this was exactly the same plan which two years ago had been recommended by the Government. The Ministerial speakers retorted that the safeguards by which the plan had then been accompanied were now omitted, and that the Government, having seen through the fallacy of the proposal even in its best shape, ought now to be saddled with no responsibility on account of it. This is evidently true. The proposal must be judged on its own merits, and in view of the results which it would produce in conjunction with other clauses of the Lords' measure. A scheme to prevent personation has at least an excellent object, and it appears to us quite practicable to invent a plan by which a scrutiny might be facilitated without the main purpose of a Ballot Bill being sacrificed. But what the Lords adopted with so much rapture was the particular proposition made by the Duke of RICHMOND, and it was of a kind to make every clause directing or even permitting the voting to be secret a perfect farce. The voting-paper, according to the amendment carried in the Lords, is to have a number printed on its face, and is to be separated from a counterfoil having the same number printed on it. The presiding officer is to enter on the counterfoil, in the presence of the agents of the candidates, the number of the voter on the register. The agent, therefore, who wished to know how any one voted would at once discover that the paper of this voter bore a particular number. When the poll is closed the votes are to be counted, and the agents may inspect every paper, and object to it on several grounds, such as that it is wrongly marked, that too many votes are given, and so forth. Every paper must come before the agents, who would have ample opportunity of finding out how the paper was marked which bore the number given to the voter about whose manner of voting they felt specially interested. The Duke of RICHMOND at the last moment offered to concede that the distinguishing numbers should be printed on the back, and not, as his amendment provides, on the face, of the paper. But the Bill directs that the agents when the votes are being counted shall have a right to see that the proper official stamp is on the back of the paper, so that in any case they could get at the number and so at the name of the voter. The Duke of RICHMOND's Bill is therefore, properly speaking, a Bill under which, if an agent takes a little trouble, there is to be no vote whatever kept secret; but under which the voter may, if he likes, vote openly at once, and so save the agent a slightly laborious process.

Argument for or against such a Bill is almost useless. No one in the Lords ventured to say either that this optional Ballot was in itself a good form of voting, or that it professed to secure the objects which the Government Bill was designed to secure. As between the present state of things and an optional Ballot Bill, there can be no question of the advisableness of letting things go as they are. There are immense advantages in open voting. It is by far the easiest of all modes of voting to understand. It avoids all the trouble as to persons who are eminently qualified to elect members of Parliament but who cannot read or write. They can always learn a name and repeat it at the poll. There is something honest

and manly in giving a vote publicly, especially when the duty is discharged, as it so often is, at great personal risk. It also adds immensely to the interest men take in politics that they should be known at once by friends and foes to be contributing something appreciable towards a desired result by saying publicly what candidate they prefer. All these advantages are either destroyed or diminished by the device of an optional Ballot. The illiterate are to be annoyed by the farce of getting a public officer to mark a paper publicly for them when it would be so much simpler to sing out the name of their favourite. The man who announced that he wished to go into a secret compartment would be marked with instant dishonour. The permission to vote in the secret way is, as was carefully explained in the Lords, a concession to the weakness of a small minority of cowards who have no right to degrade honest electors to their low level. Having proclaimed himself a coward and on a lower level than his neighbours, the voter is to retire into his cave of ignominy, and is there to fill up a voting-paper, which is so numbered and ticketed that he knows it will be very possible for the presiding officer, and his clerks, and the agents, and through them every one interested in the election, to have a clue as to how he voted. Not that his vote would always be known. The agents might not care to know it, or a very scrupulous and zealous official might try to throw obstacles in the way of the agents knowing, and might guard himself even against gaining this knowledge inadvertently. But the voter would never be sure that his vote was not known. It would, under the scheme of the Lords, be so easy to know it that the unhappy and ignominious coward would never be able to shake off the suspicions akin to his base and timorous disposition. All those whom bribery or intimidation could reach easily would of course not be allowed to go through this dark and useless process. They would have to mark their papers openly in the sight of the agent appointed to see that they kept to their bargain, who would immediately report them if they did not do as they were expected. Moreover, as all knowledge gained in the place of polling as to the names and number of the voters may, under the Lords' scheme, be at once communicated, it would be known, at any rate in small constituencies, how the poll was going, and the ancient guilds of "Lambs" purchasable at the last hour would be as flourishing as ever. What can be the good of altering the present law in order to introduce the optional Ballot? What can be the use of waiting till 1880, or indeed till next month, to ascertain whether the country would like such an absurd novelty? If the Lords had been asked to pass a Bill introducing the optional Ballot, it is easy to imagine the noble scorn with which they would have rejected the Bill on the second reading.

No doubt at different times very different functions may be properly discharged by an Upper Chamber. Sometimes it may do useful work by rejecting a bad Bill, sometimes it may with equal profit amend the machinery and language of a Bill which it wishes or agrees to pass. Sometimes it may be its duty to allow measures to pass of which it disapproves, in order that the Government may go on and that the decisions of the Lower Chamber may become law. But the Lords on Monday night took a perfectly new view of what it is wise and proper for an Upper Chamber to do. They proposed not to reject a Bill, nor to amend it, nor to ratify the decisions of the Commons and yield to the pressure of the Government, but to make a great and sweeping alteration in the existing law of which alteration they do not themselves approve, which the nation has never asked for or discussed, which no one of note in any political party has advocated, which stultifies the long labours of the House of Commons, and which was strenuously opposed by the Government of the day. There were very warm words in the House on Monday night, and an ancient order of the House, prohibiting acerbity of speech, had to be read before quiet was restored. Feeling perhaps conscious that they were not playing a very prudent or very dignified part, many Conservative peers were in a state of great excitement, and, as always happens, the most useless members of the party were the most violent. The Marquis of BATH, who has scarcely ever attended to his senatorial duties during the many years he has sat in the House, took upon himself to rebuke the CHANCELLOR. The Duke of RICHMOND complained that on a minor point the Ministry actually voted in a majority by keeping dark the manner in which they were going to vote, so that the Conservative peers only knew too late which side must be wrong. Lord GRANVILLE complained with more latitude of expression than he usually allows

himself of the despotism of the majority, and for the moment it looked as if the Peers were going to forget their good behaviour altogether. Passing scenes of this kind are soon forgotten, and the Lords are generally so decorous that no one would attach much weight to rare ebullitions of heated party feeling. But the temper shown in the debate of Monday night may perhaps be taken as a sign that the majority of the Peers were somewhat aware of the futility of the proceeding in which they were engaged. That the Commons will cut short the life of the optional Ballot Bill is of course certain, and it was not improbably from the conviction that their new Ballot Bill had no chance of becoming law that the Conservative majority thought they might have their fling for one evening and play a sort of mild practical joke on the Government. The worst is that when the optional Ballot Bill has disappeared, the harm done by the farce of adopting it will not also disappear. The Lords will have lost a portion of the influence which always belongs to them when they act in the spirit of high and impartial statesmanship. The only gainers by what took place in the House of Lords last Monday will be the members and friends of the present Government. The Liberals have had a monopoly of blundering lately, and nothing has done them so much harm as the general impression that their leaders had a special aptitude for going wrong. Now their rivals have equalled if not surpassed them, and Liberals who are pressed with the misdeeds of the Cabinet will be able to retort triumphantly by sketching the history of the optional Ballot Bill.

FRANCE.

THE recent Parliamentary history of France is like nothing so much as a recurrent series of lovers' quarrels. M. THIERS plays the part of the imperious and capricious beauty who will brook neither criticism nor remonstrance, and is ready on the slightest provocation to break off the engagement. The Assembly represents to perfection the sober middle-aged suitor, who finds his mistress so indispensable to his happiness that he prefers to endure all the annoyances she chooses to inflict on him rather than accept the freedom she offers. Several times in the course of the Session the majority plucks up courage and remonstrates with M. THIERS about his flirtation with Republicanism, the alterations he has introduced into the Army Bill, or any other of the questions upon which a shrewd President and a not over-wise Assembly are likely to disagree. M. THIERS listens, frowns, lets drop a few sharp words in the lobby, and finally steps into the tribune and gives the Deputies their choice between absolute submission and immediate separation. On the last occasion on which this performance was gone through, M. THIERS seems to have made the mistake of straining his authority without any adequate reason. The Assembly had rejected one proposed modification in principle of a five years' service for half the annual contingent, and it might have been safely trusted to reject every other. There was no need for M. THIERS to tell them that he would not remain in office if he had to carry out a law which he disapproved. There was not the least chance that the Assembly would lay any such burden upon him. The majority knew what had been determined on between him and the Committee, and they had no intention of disturbing the compromise. So far as can be judged from the comments of their organs in the press, the effect of M. THIERS's threat has been to convince them of a fact of which the rest of the world has never had any doubt. They have suddenly discovered that when M. THIERS speaks, he speaks, not as Chief of the State, but as First Minister. The principal end which they had in view in naming him President is therefore defeated. They thought that by changing his title they might change his nature—that M. THIERS as President would submit to restraints which had had no meaning for him when he held the undefined and anomalous position of Chief of the Executive Power. It has once more been brought home to them that, in thinking this, they reckoned without their host. M. THIERS carries his anomalies about with him. As President of the Republic he acts and speaks in precisely the same way as when he was President of the Council of Ministers. He chooses his Cabinet not as a constitutional sovereign, who accepts whomsoever the popular Chamber may impose upon him, but as a Parliamentary chief who sets to work to find colleagues or subordinates agreeable to himself. The majority in the Assembly see the power they have regained already slipping away from them. The luxury of dismissing a Ministry is

denied them, except upon the costly condition of overthrowing the Executive Government at the same time. Rather than face the anarchy into which M. THIERS's retirement might plunge France, they submit to see the Administration becoming more and more Republican every day that M. THIERS lives.

The most serious and measured expression of the discontent which this state of things naturally excites is to be found in a letter from M. D'HAUSSONVILLE which has appeared in the *Journal des Débats*. M. D'HAUSSONVILLE complains that the Government of France has never been more purely personal than it is now. Upon every matter that comes before the Chamber the majority have to take their orders from M. THIERS, not M. THIERS his from the majority. When, as in the case of the tax on raw materials, he cannot bring the Assembly over to his own view, he takes care that no definitive decision shall be arrived at. Instead of choosing his Ministers from the majority in the Assembly, he chooses them from all parties, without regard to any consideration beyond their willingness to carry out the policy he sets before them. The result of all this is to habituate Frenchmen to accept under the Republic institutions with which they had grown disgusted under the Empire. The mischief of such a reaction is seen in the general disposition to account for political events by the most trifling and personal explanations, in the revival of an official press, and in the loss of dignity and consequently of self-respect on the part of the representatives of the people. M. THIERS, says M. D'HAUSSONVILLE, cannot really wish to govern as well as reign; he knows too well to what end such a policy leads those who pursue it. How could his career, already so glorious, be better crowned than by practising at the height of his power the political precepts which he has preached through years of opposition and discouragement? "M. THIERS," as the Constitutional President of a moderate Republic, "governing France with the help of a responsible Cabinet," would be the WASHINGTON of the Continent." Even the Radicals ought not to object to Parliamentary Ministers being recruited from the Parliamentary majority for the time being, since, if they have that preponderance in the country which they claim, the application of this principle will in the end give them a similar advantage. When M. D'HAUSSONVILLE has proved to his own satisfaction that it is time for the majority to ask M. THIERS to govern constitutionally, that M. THIERS is bound in common consistency to grant the request, and that the Radicals have no business to object to his granting it, he goes on to consider what will happen in the event of M. THIERS refusing to govern constitutionally after being asked. Even then, M. D'HAUSSONVILLE says, there is no need for despair. "France numbers among her children more than one dauntless man, with an honest heart and an unselfish soul, to whom, if she cannot help herself, she may confidently entrust the burden of her fortunes." If such a hero is really forthcoming, one scarcely sees why France should wait till she cannot help herself before employing him.

M. D'HAUSSONVILLE's reasoning would be conclusive if it did not leave one important consideration out of sight. The title of a Parliamentary majority to control the Government rests on the fact that it represents a majority out of doors. If it does not do this, it is nothing better than an accident, and an Executive which submitted to be guided by it would sacrifice constitutional substance to constitutional form. If the majority of the Assembly wish to deprive M. THIERS of all justification for disregarding their wishes in the choice of his Ministers or in the general conduct of his administration, they have nothing to do but to entrust him with the power of dissolution. There is a very general belief in France that the opinion of the country is not fairly represented in the present Assembly. If the PRESIDENT shares in this belief, as there is little doubt he does, he would be bound in ordinary cases to put it to the test of a general election; and if in the new Assembly the relative strength of parties remained what it had been in the old, he would have no excuse for setting it at defiance. In the particular case the PRESIDENT has not the means of applying this test, and so long as the majority refuse to give him the means, he has no option but to govern in accordance with what he thinks to be the wishes of the country as distinct from the wishes of those who nominally represent it. Of course the machinery which he possesses for ascertaining the wishes of the country is very much less perfect than it would be if, like every other constitutional sovereign, he possessed the right to dissolve. He can only study the results of occasional elections, the votes of Councils-General, the tone of the press, and other indications of a similar kind. But the majority have no

right to complain that the PRESIDENT pays them less than due deference, so long as they prevent him from satisfying himself that they have any solid title to deference. Something of this kind must have been in M. THIERS's thoughts when he received the delegates of the Right on Thursday. No direct reference seems to have been made to a dissolution, partly perhaps because for other reasons a dissolution would not be desirable at this moment, and partly because the Right is never able to control itself when any hint of such an expedient is given. The majority in the Assembly hates to be reminded that it cannot live on for ever. Still, as the drift of M. THIERS's reply was that the Republic is for the future the only possible Government for France, while the known desire of the majority is the displacement, as soon as may be, of the Republic by a Monarchy, the conclusion that the majority does not represent the country is sufficiently obvious. There is no need to dispute M. D'HAUSSONVILLE's assertion that there are as good men in France as M. THIERS. The action of the Right will probably be determined by the reflection that he can hardly be deposed without a formal appeal to the nation. If their object is to keep the present Assembly in being, they will accept M. THIERS's supremacy as an indispensable, though disagreeable, element of success.

PARLIAMENT AND PRIVATE BILL COMMITTEES.

BOTH Houses of Parliament by an undesigned coincidence established on Tuesday last a dangerous precedent. The House of Lords threw out the Mid-London Railway Bill on the second reading without inquiry; and the House of Commons, with somewhat more excuse, but on the motion of an interested party, threw out on the third reading the Birmingham Sewerage Bill, which had been unanimously passed after full investigation by one of its own Select Committees. A grave responsibility is incurred by members who disregard the results of a judicial inquiry. When a division is taken in the House on a private Bill, it scarcely ever happens that the merits of the question are understood, or even professedly considered. Some objection which strikes the general fancy is exclusively urged on the attention of the House, while the compensating public advantages are carelessly regarded, or perhaps entirely forgotten. It is possible that the Birmingham Bill and the Mid-London Bill may have been bad measures; but it is certain that their merits and demerits were not ascertained by the majority in either House. Even if a large assembly were in any case competent to adjudicate on conflicts between private rights and public interests, it is notorious that attendance on such occasions is the result of solicitation and canvass. The trivial arguments which the Duke of MARLBOROUGH thought sufficient to justify his motion for the rejection of the Mid-London Bill would scarcely have been addressed to an impartial audience. The House of Lords acceded to the proposal of crushing the scheme on the Duke of MARLBOROUGH's assertion, not that the proposed railway would be either injurious to property or useless, but that it might perhaps at some future time facilitate another undertaking which in the Duke's opinion would be found objectionable. It is a grave misfortune that either House should expose itself to the suspicion of yielding in such matters to prejudice or to influence.

The Mid-London Railway, as originally projected, extended from Kilburn to the East of London; and it included the formation of a new street which would, as it was said, have relieved the press of traffic in the most crowded part of the City. In accordance with common practice, powers were separately asked for the construction of the Western Section, extending from Kilburn to the neighbourhood of the Marble Arch. The whole scheme was vigorously opposed on various grounds, and especially on account of the displacement of population which it would have involved. The Duke of MARLBOROUGH, either in ignorance of the facts, or in well-founded reliance on the ignorance of his hearers, urged the philanthropic objection on the attention of the House of Lords, although the part of the scheme which affected crowded districts had been previously defeated. After a prolonged inquiry the Committee of the House of Commons refused to pass the Bill for making the Eastern Section, on the ground that no sufficient evidence had been furnished of the financial condition of the undertaking. The line which terminated at the west end of Oxford Street had never been seriously opposed, and it was considered by the Committee not to require the provision of any amount of capital which would exceed the resources of the promoters. It was afterwards understood that the London and North-

Western Company would be prepared to work the line, which would have provided a new and convenient station for passenger traffic. It is not too much to say that the project was sufficiently plausible to deserve a fair consideration of its merits, even if it had not been approved by the competent authority of a Committee of the House of Commons. Whether the line should be afterwards extended eastward would have been a proper subject of investigation, if the original project had been at any time renewed. The precipitate decision of the House of Lords on an *ex parte* statement is greatly to be regretted, not so much on account of the alleged utility of the proposed line, as for its tendency to disturb general confidence in the impartiality of the House.

Sir ROBERT PEEL, in his passionate and successful opposition to the Birmingham Sewerage Bill, might at least claim the merit of candidly disavowing all pretensions to judicial impartiality. A tribunal in which a litigant acts as a judge can command neither confidence nor respect. Sir ROBERT PEEL, even if he profited by his position as a member of Parliament to advocate his own interests, ought in common propriety to have abstained from supporting his argument by his vote. In his first attack on the decision he abused the Committee, the counsel, and the promoters of the measure; and from first to last he dwelt on his own special grievances as the principal arguments for rejecting the scheme. Sir C. ADDERLEY, who was also interested in resisting the plan, supported Sir R. PEEL in more temperate language. Mr. OSBORNE went so far as to contend that property which had once belonged to an illustrious statesman deserved a special exemption from liability to a possible nuisance. Few persons would, in the present state of the controversy, voluntarily part with their land for the purpose of accommodating sewage; but unfortunately there is no other feasible mode of disposing of the obnoxious matter; and all land has some owner. The Corporation of Birmingham is morally bound to provide for the health and cleanliness of the town, and it is also legally compelled by a Chancery injunction to find some alternative outlet for the sewage which is now discharged into the river. A Bill was consequently promoted for the compulsory acquisition of a thousand or twelve hundred acres of land of which less than three hundred acres belonged to Sir ROBERT PEEL. It was open to reluctant landholders to show that more suitable land might be provided elsewhere, or that some other process could be devised for the abatement of the existing nuisance. Sir ROBERT PEEL had been at liberty to urge on the Committee all the arguments which he repeated in the House, and he would have still had the opportunity of convincing a Committee of the House of Lords. He had contrived to persuade himself that the death of his late colleague was caused by the agitation of the Birmingham Sewerage Bill; and it is possible that the statement might, if it had been thought credible, have influenced the judgment or the feelings of the House of Lords. By its vote against the third reading the House of Commons utterly disregarded the necessities of Birmingham, and afforded a special and exceptional protection to the property of one of its members. It would not be difficult to show that the decision tends to impair the respect which is paid to the rights of landowners; but it is unnecessary to consider any additional objection to a proceeding which violates the rules and customs of the House.

Mr. BOUVIERIE, who has on other occasions consistently vindicated the jurisdiction of Committees, was naturally unwilling to adopt Sir ROBERT PEEL's simple-minded indifference to any consideration except that of personal interest. The general principle of the application of sewage to land had, as Mr. BOUVIERIE contended, not been formally sanctioned by Parliament; and consequently the adoption of any particular scheme of the kind was not a proper subject for the consideration of Committees. If Mr. BOUVIERIE's assumptions had been correct, and if his deductions were sound, it would scarcely be possible to try hereafter the most promising of modern sanitary experiments. Parliament cannot lay down the rule that any land should be compulsorily taken whenever it was required for the distribution of sewage; but legislation has approached as nearly as justice would allow to the recognition of the expediency of putting the sewage on the land. Under the provisions of two successive General Sewerage Acts, local governing bodies may take land for sewage purposes by Provisional Order, to be subsequently confirmed by Parliament. Any objecting landowner has a right to be heard before a Select Committee against the confirmation of the order, but the Act is founded on the assumption that the application of the process is in itself expedient. The Birmingham plan was probably more objectionable than

the ordinary system of a sewage farm, inasmuch as the acreage was confessedly insufficient, but any imperfection of the scheme would have been fully considered by a Committee. There is no doubt that the abstraction of a large extent of land from any property is, in the majority of cases, a serious hardship to the owner. In some cases a third or a fourth part of a well-sized estate has been compulsorily taken for a sewage farm. It is difficult to believe that the reduction of the size of the property by three hundred acres would render Drayton Manor uninhabitable. The risk which may be incurred by landowners in the neighbourhood of great towns is not without compensation. The proximity of Birmingham probably adds largely to the value of Sir R. PEEL's estates, although it is his misfortune to be placed in the same watershed somewhat lower down the valley. His contention that other and nearer lands ought to have been taken for sewage purposes may perhaps have been well founded, but questions of local expediency, of engineering, and of the price of land are peculiarly within the province of Select Committees, and it is impossible that they should be fairly discussed in the body of the House. Every owner of land near a great town ought to be as fully prepared for the chance of expropriation for public purposes as for the contingent conversion of his farms into building land saleable by the square foot. Ample pecuniary compensation is in all cases paid for property which may be taken under compulsory powers. The Birmingham Corporation and the promoters of the Mid-London Railway could have had no ground of complaint if their respective schemes had been rejected after a judicial investigation. They have just cause of indignation in the peremptory reversal of the judgments which they had obtained in their favour from competent tribunals.

THE FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.

WHEN Mr. GRAVES lately exposed in an argumentative speech the perversity of French commercial legislation, he was told that the House to which he addressed his complaint was not responsible for the revocation of the Treaty. Mr. GRAVES might have explained in reply that, not occupying a seat in the French Assembly, he did his best to call the attention of M. THIERS and his Ministers to the error and injustice of their recent policy. His motion was ostensibly directed against the resolution of the English Government to refuse any modifications which are inconsistent with the spirit of the Treaty. From the commencement of the discussion Lord GRANVILLE consistently expressed his readiness to facilitate any fiscal measures which might be rendered necessary by recent disasters; nor indeed would the assent of the English Government have been required to a mere increase of internal and external duties. It was provided by the Treaty, not that a fixed tariff should be maintained, but that the difference between Excise and Customs duties should not be altered to the detriment of England. The addition of the same percentage to both classes of duties might perhaps have increased the French revenue; and it would not have affected either the letter or the spirit of the Treaty. The question which was raised by the proposal to increase the differential rates of duty was not without difficulty; but on the whole the House of Commons appears to approve of the decision of the Government. Mr. GRAVES quoted in support of his argument the authority of the English Ambassador in Paris, who urged upon the Government the political expediency of yielding to the French demands. It is probable that the termination of the Treaty may to a certain extent disturb the friendly feeling which might have been cultivated and encouraged by a renewal in a modified form of commercial relations. It is the business of diplomatists to make treaties and not to break them; but it must not be inferred that if Lord LYONS was professionally in the right, Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE were in the wrong when they overruled his judgment. A certain number of manufacturers were anxious to retain, even under additional difficulties, their connexion with French markets, but the mass of commercial and industrial opinion preponderated against any alteration of the Treaty. The French Government has probably been surprised, and perhaps it may have been instructed, by the general indifference with which the denunciation of the Treaty has been received. M. THIERS had always persuaded himself that the EMPEROR had in 1860 paid an excessive price for an English alliance. He now finds that the withdrawal of the boon neither provokes remonstrance nor perceptibly impairs the cordiality of England to France, though on the other side there may be a certain amount of irritation.

Several speakers in the debate on Mr. GRAVES's motion

expressed their belief that the Free-trade party in France is increasing in numbers and influence; but it is difficult to judge whether sound principles are likely to prevail during the lifetime of the present generation. It seems that the trading communities of Marseilles and Havre are opposed to the rupture of the Treaty; but the manufacturing towns still adhere to the doctrine of Protection. The agricultural population is too ignorant and too inactive to protest against the artificial dearth of textile fabrics and cutlery, or to demand facilities for the exportation of its produce. The abolition of the alcoholic standard of duty on wine, which has long been one of Mr. GLADSTONE's favourite contrivances, would probably alarm the wine-growers of Gascony by exposing them to the competition of Spain and Portugal, but no other retaliatory change in the English tariff is likely to be proposed. Although the supporters of unrestricted commercial intercourse will perhaps fail to attain ascendancy in France, there is no doubt that they are far more powerful now than they were in 1860. The Treaty and its results had a great effect in rendering their doctrines popular, and it is probable that the revocation of the Treaty may accelerate the process of conviction. M. CHEVALIER and his friends would perhaps have been discouraged if the English Government had been more pliable in the recent negotiations. Although logical consistency is of comparatively little importance in political arrangements, it would have been undesirable to admit, by yielding to the representations of the French Government, that protective duties are financially and economically advantageous. From the first, and even before the fall of the Empire, M. THIERS rested his demands for a modification of the Treaty on an unsound basis. He uniformly contended that the tariff agreed upon was injurious to France, and he at the same time professed his readiness to make a limited sacrifice to satisfy the supposed exigencies of England. The consideration for French embarrassments which was recommended by Lord LYONS would have been interpreted by the French Government as a proof of the anxiety of England to retain a part of the benefits which had been too liberally bestowed by the Emperor NAPOLEON. M. THIERS never disguised his opinion that, as far as French interests were concerned, the abolition of the Treaty would be preferable to any compromise which could be suggested. His soundest argument was derived from the expediency of resuming the fiscal liberty which an independent nation ought not to surrender except for the most urgent reasons. The English Government and Legislature also will welcome their release from covenants which might perhaps hereafter have become practically burdensome. It is not likely that any duty will be imposed upon coal; but Parliament ought to possess the power of discouraging exportation, or of raising a revenue from the trade. In certain cases a troublesome conflict of obligations might arise from an undertaking to supply a belligerent with a commodity which is sometimes held to be contraband of war.

One scandalous inequality has resulted from the abrogation of the Treaty, or rather from the precipitate eagerness with which it was originally framed. In his anxiety to commence the era of universal peace founded on the sacred principle of buying in the cheapest market, Mr. CORDEN forgot to insert the clause which ought to have secured to England in perpetuity the commercial privileges accorded to the most favoured nations. The consequence is that the Convention which served as a model for all the other French commercial treaties, being the earliest in date, expires the first, and leaves England exposed to an unfair competition with the countries in which the treaties have still several years to run. Differential dues on English shipping might be comparatively endurable if they were impartially applied to all foreign flags; but under the surviving treaties the majority of maritime States will be enabled to continue their trade for some years, while English vessels will be practically excluded from French ports. The derangement of trade which must ensue principally accounts for the opposition of Marseilles and Havre to the abolition of the Treaty. The foreign competition which will still continue will prevent French shipowners from profiting by the suppression of English rivalry, especially as they are gratuitously crippled by a prohibitive duty on the purchase of vessels built abroad. In this instance M. THIERS has ingeniously inflicted a common injury on producers and consumers.

To apologists of the French Government who attribute the unfair treatment of English shipping to Lord GRANVILLE's refusal to modify the Treaty, it is a conclusive answer that the fiscal liberty which M. THIERS recovers need not be wantonly abused. Any tariff on goods or on shipping which could have been made matter of agreement may be enacted

at pleasure by the French Assembly on the proposal of the Government. The Emperor NAPOLEON had a strong reason for negotiating the Treaty in the constitutional provision by which at that time international contracts were exempt from the control of the Legislative Body. Notwithstanding the absolute nature of his power, the Emperor would have been unable to procure from his Assembly the enactment of a liberal tariff. By concluding the Treaty of 1860 he exercised, in that case with undoubted advantage to the country, exclusive powers of legislation. His scheme was rendered practicable by the active concurrence of Mr. CORDEN and Mr. GLADSTONE, who were eager for the extension of commercial intercourse, while they were not responsible for the evasion of French constitutional restraints. The French Assembly, not being subject to any similar disability, can, if it thinks fit, provide a complete substitute for any form of treaty which M. THIERS or the majority would have preferred. It is well known in France that the English Government meditates no menace or act of commercial hostility, for the simple reason that it had from the first regarded one half of the Treaty as equally beneficial with the other. If France objects to cheap cotton yarn, England is content to obtain cheap claret; and even the Coventry weavers have ceased to lament in public over the importation of Lyons silks. All the benefits of the whole, or of half, or of the smallest fraction of the Treaty are within reach of the French Government and nation whenever they desire to enjoy them. To punish England by iniquitous navigation laws for refusing to afford a nugatory concurrence is neither just nor rational. The hardship will find compensation in the comparative exclusion of the French marine from the general trade of the world. The American tariff has greatly promoted English commerce, and it has more especially given an approximate monopoly of the carrying trade to English vessels. The not less perverse legislation of France will afford another illustration of the unprofitable nature of economic heresies. Foreign nations will hereafter discover that the commercial prosperity of England is closely connected with adherence to sound principles of trade.

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL.

THE sixty-fourth and sixty-fifth clauses of the Scotch Education Bill occupied the House of Commons for two morning sittings. The speakers and the speeches were alike familiar to those who remember the discussions provoked by the corresponding clauses in the English measure. Mr. COLLINS proposed an amendment providing that, in the distribution of the Parliamentary grant, no preference shall be given to any school on the ground that it is or is not provided by the School Board. The principle of the amendment was not contested by the Government. Mr. FORSTER was pardonably anxious to be spared the necessity of voting against a section of his party, but the inexorable Mr. COLLINS would not hear of his evading the dose, and the amendment was carried. Mr. TREVELYAN made the curious mistake of asking the House to strike out the only restraint which the Bill imposes on the multiplication of Denominational schools. He was allowed, however, to withdraw his amendment, and the Lord Advocate himself then took the clause in hand. As it stood originally, it provided that no grant should be given to a new Denominational school, unless the Scotch Education Department shall be satisfied that "it is specially required in the locality where it is situated, and that a majority of the children in attendance are of the denomination to which the school belongs." The reason assigned by Mr. FORSTER for the omission of these latter words is not very conclusive. There would have been no hardship in a "creed investigation" which only went the length of requiring the parents of children in attendance at voluntary schools to state to what creed they belong. Indeed there is much to be said in favour of a creed register in contradistinction to a Conscience Clause, as the instrument by which to protect parents against having their children subjected to religious instruction of which they disapprove. The fact pointed out by Dr. PLATFAIR, that the effect of the words would be to exclude Episcopalian schools from receiving any share of the Parliamentary grant, was more to the purpose. In this case a minority is willing to contribute largely to the secular education of the community on condition of being allowed to give religious instruction to its own children. Unless voluntary aid is to be repudiated altogether, and no schools recognized by the State except such as are provided by itself, there can be no reason why Denominational liberality should be sub-

jected to any restraints beyond such as are required to guard against proselytism.

An attempt was made by the Secularist party in the House of Commons to import into the Bill the compromise by which in the English Act no distinctive religious formulary is allowed to be taught in public schools. The real argument against Mr. ANDERSON'S amendment is the acknowledged failure of the compromise as an expedient for getting over the religious difficulty. That a minority should object to be taxed for the teaching of a religion which they believe to be untrue is intelligible, if not reasonable. That they should object to be taxed for the documentary teaching of a religion which they believe to be untrue, while they permit themselves to be taxed for its *vivâ voce* teaching, is not even intelligible. Religions are usually less exclusive in their authorised formularies than in the unauthorised glosses of individual instructors. The very idea of authorisation implies some amount of caution and some sense of responsibility. A man who thinks Calvinism wrong will probably be less offended by the expositions of the system contained in the Shorter Catechism than by any oral reproductions of them on the part of the village schoolmaster. Under the absurd compromise embodied in the English Act, School Boards are left absolutely free to teach what religion they like; they are only forbidden to teach it in the most obvious and convenient way. To repeat an illustration which we have formerly used, the English Act goes on the principle that, while the teaching of geometry should be allowed, the use of Euclid's Elements should be strictly forbidden. This was no part of the principle on which the English Act was originally framed. It is simply a later disfigurement which has satisfied no one. The principle of the English Act as regards the religious difficulty is that it shall be made over to the local authorities. To prohibit them from dealing with it in the simplest and most straightforward manner is, so far as it goes, a departure from this principle, not a further carrying out of it.

Mr. DIXON supported the amendment on the ground that in educational legislation the Empire should be treated as a whole. This theory is the most inconvenient that a Government or a Legislature could possibly adopt. No doubt there are some points on which uniformity of treatment is necessary; but what need is there to go out of our way to include in them a matter upon which uniformity is peculiarly galling to those upon whom it is imposed? The admission that people differ greatly upon religion seems to imply as its natural corollary that religious questions should be differently handled according as the local feeling inclines to one or another mode of treatment. Mr. DIXON protests against "the principle that 'you are to consult the religious feelings and prejudices of the country for which you are legislating.'" The most marked application of this principle of late years has been the disestablishment of the Irish Church. In this case a majority of English and Scotch Protestants concurred in pulling down an institution with which on the whole they sympathized, because they deferred to the religious feelings of the people of Ireland. According to Mr. DIXON, they ought to have waited until the Established Churches of the three kingdoms could have been involved in a common overthrow. Indeed the argument most in favour with the opponents of the Irish Church Bill was the precise counterpart of Mr. DIXON'S. The decision for or against an Established Church ought, it was said, to be made in the interest of the whole Empire, not of any one part of it. If the principle is good for England and Scotland, it ought not to be imperilled merely to conciliate the religious feelings and prejudices of Irishmen. It is obvious that if there are three separate sections of the Empire taking different views of a question of this kind, it will be very much easier to make three separate arrangements each of which shall be in substantial conformity with the wishes of a particular section than to bring all three into perfect accord. What is true of religious questions proper, such as Church Establishments, is true in a still greater degree of questions which are only incidentally religious, such as education. Before Mr. DIXON'S plan of legislating in the same way for all the three kingdoms can be carried out, one of two things must have happened. Either the people of Ireland and Scotland must have been converted to secularism, or the people of England must not only have made up their minds to accept secularism for themselves, but also to force it upon the inhabitants of the other two kingdoms. We question whether Mr. DIXON has quite faced the latter alternative. Supposing that Irish Roman Catholics and Scotch Presbyterians refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, how is Mr. DIXON prepared to treat two such companies of deaf adders? Is he prepared to allow elementary

education in those countries to languish from the want of any sympathy between the teachers and the parents whose children need teaching? Or will he undertake to compel parents, not only to send their children to school, but also to send them to the sort of school to which Mr. DIXON thinks they ought to go? Perhaps the quaintest of the many crotchets which have been called into publicity by discussions on the Scotch Education Bill is Mr. M'LAREN'S wish to make the reading and teaching of the Bible compulsory in all public schools in which religious instruction is given. Mr. M'LAREN is not, as might be suspected from his amendment, a supporter of Mr. GORDON. He has no objection to secular schools, and if his amendment had been carried, any public school might have got rid of the obligation to read the Bible, provided it had been content to give no religious instruction whatever. No religion Mr. M'LAREN can understand; a religion like his own he can understand. But a religion different from his own, a religion which finds text-books and catechisms a more convenient machinery for teaching young children than a whole literature accidentally bound up in a single volume, he cannot understand. And to judge by the division, there are 189 members of the House of Commons who can understand it no more than he.

The evening sitting on Thursday was devoted to the Compulsory Clauses. An important alteration was made at the instance of Mr. W. H. SMITH, by which the power of remitting fees is to be vested in the parochial authorities, instead of in the School Boards. That the Legislature will in the end have to abandon all attempts at distinguishing between educational and other pauperism appears more probable every day. The opponents of compulsion did not go to a division—a remarkable proof of the progress which the idea has made in public estimation during the last two years. The clauses which impose on employers of children a concurrent duty with the parents as regards education were made more stringent, while the direct penalties on parents were considerably softened. It was objected by some members that too much of the permissive character still lingers about this part of the Bill. But compulsion in the matter of education is still a novel theory, and it is not desirable to ride it too hard upon the occasion of its first introduction.

THE CASE OF DIBLANC.

IT is obvious that the growing disinclination to inflict capital punishment, especially on women, is producing a disastrous effect on the administration of justice. A jury have found MARGUERITE DIBLANC guilty of murder, but have recommended her to mercy on the ground that the crime was not premeditated; and the Judge who tried the case does not appear to have thought it necessary to point out the contradiction which was involved in a verdict of murder qualified in this manner. If the killing of Madame RIEL was not premeditated, it would be, of course, not murder, but manslaughter. It is possible that the jury may have fallen into confusion over the legal argument as to the distinction between murder and manslaughter; and that what they meant to say was, that in their opinion DIBLANC had no thought of killing her mistress before the latter came into the kitchen and abused her, and that the suddenness of the impulse and the provocation she had received seemed to them in some degree to excuse her violence. In such a case it might have been supposed to be the business of the Judge to clarify the thoughts of the jury, and to induce them to express themselves clearly and consistently, especially as the question they raised was about to be submitted for the decision of the HOME SECRETARY. From one point of view—that is, if they had disregarded the medical evidence, and assumed death to have arisen from a sudden blow not intended to kill—they might have found a verdict of manslaughter; but unpremeditated murder is not a crime which has hitherto been known to English lawyers. Premeditation, or, in technical language, "malice aforethought," is of the essence of murder, and does not necessarily imply deliberate and careful planning. It is a mental process which may be carried on for days or months, or even years, or which may be compressed into an instantaneous flash of thought. Premeditation is, in fact, only another word for intention. To constitute murder there must be an intention to kill, and the question for the jury was simply, what was the intention in the mind of the prisoner when she inflicted on Madame RIEL the injuries which resulted in her death. Up to a certain point the case is clear enough. DIBLANC was not on good terms with her mistress, whom she thought to be exacting and discontented. One Sunday morning Madame RIEL went into the kitchen, and there DIBLANC

killed her. The rest is, apart from DIBLANC's own story, which was given in the evidence of the French policemen, a matter of inference and conjecture. It does not appear that the crime was planned beforehand or committed with a view to plunder. DIBLANC carried off banknotes to the amount of seventy pounds, which she found in the safe, but she did not ransack the house with a view to pillage; and though it is doubtful whether—her fellow-servant being in the house—she could have removed the jewel-box which was left in the safe, it may be admitted that she might probably have taken more than she did. It is certain that DIBLANC killed her mistress, but the question is whether she meant to kill her. According to the medical evidence, Madame RIEL was either throttled by hand or strangled by a rope, and such was the pressure applied to the throat of the victim that the cartilages of the throat as well as the jaw were crushed and broken. Dr. WADHAM said that "a single blow on the throat or jaw would certainly not, in his opinion, have produced the injuries he saw. It would have required very great force to produce the breakage of the framework of the jaw which he observed." The prisoner's counsel pleaded that she had not time to think of or consider the physical effect of her acts; but it can hardly be argued seriously that a savage clutch at the windpipe, which not only chokes but breaks the bones, is an accident or inadvertence. It would be just as reasonable to say that stabbing a man to the heart, or discharging a pistol at his ear, had "unexpectedly proved fatal." The physical effect of throttling or strangling must be held to be known to all persons not absolutely bereft of reason.

It is conceivable that the first blow which DIBLANC struck may not have been intended to kill; but it is impossible to doubt that she despatched her victim with resolute ferocity before she had done with her. The condition of the body supplied conclusive proof of an intention to kill on DIBLANC's part, or of that indifference to the natural and probable consequence of her acts which is very properly held in law to amount to intention. As to what passed between her and her mistress we have only her own story, which must be supposed to be the most favourable to herself which she was able to concoct or invent. There is nothing inherently improbable in her statement that Madame RIEL found fault with her work, and wished to dismiss her without a month's notice and wages, and in the course of a hot altercation called her by a very bad name. If it had been possible to cross-examine the prisoner on this story, we should have been better able to estimate its value; but even if it had been satisfactorily made out in all particulars, there is, as the Judge explained, nothing more certain in criminal law than that no words or gestures will constitute that kind of provocation which is held to reduce murder to manslaughter. As far as we can see, the jury had, on the facts of the case, no alternative but to return a verdict of wilful murder. By their recommendation to mercy they appear to suggest that the killing of a fellow-creature from a sudden impulse on the provocation of abusive language is to be regarded as a comparatively venial offence, but the HOME SECRETARY will incur a grave responsibility if he is weak enough to afford any countenance to so startling and dangerous a proposition.

It has been observed by a French writer that an English Judge usually treats a prisoner who is on trial before him as an unfortunate being, and that in this view he is sympathetically seconded by the benevolent feelings of the whole auditory, people, counsel, and jury. It is possible that this amiable tendency is now being carried somewhat too far. A few months ago a clergyman who had murdered his wife was reprieved because he was an old man, and it was conjectured that his wife had not the best of tempers. The case was in some respects similar to that of DIBLANC. There was no witness of the murder, but it was good-naturedly assumed that a clergyman would not kill his wife on a Sunday unless she had been particularly aggravating. In a similar way we are now asked to take it for granted that a cook would not strangle her mistress if the mistress kept her own place and showed proper consideration for the feelings of her servant. There appear to be several reasons which incline popular sentiment in DIBLANC's favour. She is a foreigner; she was unjustly suspected of having been a Communist, and perhaps a *pétroleuse*; she wears a nice white cap, and looks a quiet sort of woman; her mistress was perhaps no better than she should be, and ought at any rate to have been at church on Sunday morning instead of staying at home to be murdered. Mr. CHARLES READE, who has made women, and especially, as he intimates, cooks, a subject of pro-

found study, has undertaken to show that DIBLANC behaved with singular delicacy and forbearance to her victim. A successful writer of fiction, who is professionally engaged in the analysis of human nature, has perhaps as good a right to be heard as an expert on such a question as any of the mad doctors who are so fond of lecturing from the witness-box on "paroxysms of motive"; but Mr. READE's sentimental devotion to the inmates of the kitchen leads him to some extraordinary conclusions. The kitchen, it seems, is the cook's castle, and a mistress who intrudes there in order to find fault with her domestic, especially on a Sunday, "when even a cook is entitled to a little bit of peace," should be thankful if she is only knocked down and beaten or throttled by hand. The kitchen is "an arsenal of deadly weapons," with every one of which a cook is familiar; and it is monstrous to make a fuss about a cook merely scrunching the bones of her mistress's throat in her vigorous grasp when she might, if she liked, stab her with a carving knife or chop her up with a cleaver. From Mr. READE's point of view, DIBLANC is the victim, and the murdered woman the real criminal. It makes one's blood boil to think of what "insulted labour and contumace" must have endured before it took justifiable vengeance on insolent and merciless "luxury." If Madame RIEL had not gone poking about in a kitchen which was not hers, but her cook's, the cook would not have taken her by the throat; and if she had not weakened her constitution by habits of luxury, she would have been able to defend herself, and a crime would not have been consummated, "when between two working women there would only have been a fight." It is obvious that Madame RIEL had no right to allow herself to be *crevée*, and thus to bring poor dear MARGUERITE into all this trouble. Mr. READE's nambypamby sentimentalism supplies us with an irresistible *reductio ad absurdum* of the argument for the defence. We agree with Mr. READE that in recommending the prisoner to mercy the jury gave their own verdict the lie, for if there is any truth in the indictment the prisoner is a most unfit subject of mercy. It seems to us difficult to imagine a more savage or atrocious murder; and nothing can be more dangerous than to countenance the argument that because a mistress uses hard words her servant has a right to spring upon her like a wild beast and choke her. It is significant that the philanthropists who are so very chary of taking life as the punishment of murder have no hesitation about allowing people to be put to death, without trial, for bad language. There are, we fear, other aggravating wives and "worrying" mistresses in the world besides Mrs. WATSON and Madame RIEL, and they know now what they have to expect. It has hitherto been supposed that the object of the law was to teach people to control the impulses of passion; but this new theory of killing no murder will be apt to have an opposite effect.

THE BUILDERS' STRIKE.

THE strikes which are just now in progress simultaneously in different parts of the world exhibit in a remarkable manner the diversities of the labour market. While the London carpenters have led the way in a general strike of the building trades for a working day of nine hours, the engineers of Berlin are striking for a day of ten hours, and all kinds of mechanics and artisans in New York for a day of eight hours. The London workmen can look back on a time when they were striking, like those of Berlin, to get their hours reduced to ten, and it is probable that they look forward hopefully to some day placing themselves in as good a position in this respect as the workmen of New York. There is no reason to suppose that if the conditions of the labour market in England, Germany, and the United States could be equalized, workmen would not be hired on the same terms in the three countries. There is a school of sentimental economists who are in the habit of arguing that there is such a thing as a just wage, and we suppose there must also be a just day's work. It is amusing to observe the anger and contempt with which people of this class repudiate the doctrine that the worth of a thing is what it will fetch; but it has not yet been shown on what other principle the commercial relations of men can practically be regulated. No means have yet been discovered of compelling people to buy what they do not want, and the question whether a commodity is really wanted is usually determined by the price at which it can be procured. There are few things which people cannot do without if they choose, and it is certain that they cannot buy everything. The carpenters and other workmen in the building trades calculate that the wealth

and population of the metropolis must continue to increase, that more houses and better houses will be required, and that the masters can either afford to surrender some of their profits, or can easily recoup themselves at the expense of the public. It is obvious, however, that the cost of house-building cannot be seriously augmented without a corresponding rise in rents; and it is possible that not a few householders, under the pressure of the present high prices of everything, may be compelled to consider whether they cannot procure cheaper instead of dearer dwellings. Any one can see for himself that some parts of London are ludicrously overbuilt, and that it has been found impossible to get tenants of the class for whom the houses were originally intended. It may happen that one result of the strike will be the discomfiture of the speculative builders who are ruining so many neighbourhoods in this manner, and if it is, there will be no reason to regret it. There can be no doubt, however, that though London might perhaps contrive to shift for a time with its present stock of houses, it must continue to expand, and it will also have, to a great extent, to be rebuilt. We should not be surprised to find a reaction setting in on the part of the middle classes against dismal exile to remote suburbs, where they have none of the advantages of being in or near the country, and all the disadvantage of being at a distance from business and social pleasures. Houses in flats in the central parts of the town might then be expected to come into fashion. However that may be, there is no reason to fear that there will not be plenty of work for the builders in succeeding years, and it can scarcely be doubted that before long, if not at once, there must be a general rise of wages. The cost of living is very high, it appears to be increasing, and it presses in every way much more heavily on the working classes than on the middle and upper classes. As a working-man has now to pay more for everything he uses than he did a few years ago, he has a substantial reason for demanding an increase of wages; and we cannot help thinking that the masters committed an error in not at once meeting the demands of the men with a distinct and definite offer of an increase of wages. The masters in this, as in almost every other instance, appear to have made it a rule to concede nothing except under the coercion of Unions and strikes, and yet they profess to be surprised that the Unions should have such a hold upon the men, and that strikes are so frequent.

If the question at issue between masters and men in the building trade were simply a question of wages, there would probably be little difficulty in settling it. But, at the same time that the men want, for good reasons as we think, to earn more money, they also want to do less work. In effect, the masters are asked to make every man in their employment a present of not less than 4s. 3d. a week. The masters may, or may not, get this out of their customers; but in the first instance they will have to pay it themselves. In addition to this, the men demand that the code of working rules shall be altered very much to their advantage. It will be seen that the men hope to carry the masters' position with a rush, at a moment when the latter are embarrassed by a temporary pressure of business. Whether they will succeed in doing this, whether their strike or the lock-out with which the masters have answered it, will be abandoned first, we cannot presume to say. It is simply a trial of strength, and the issue depends not merely on the circumstances of the trade at the moment, but on the temper of the antagonists. It is usually assumed that those who do not approve the policy and tactics of Trade Unions must necessarily be hostile to working-men, and anxious to see them oppressed and despoiled. For our own part, though we have never been able to understand why the working-man, in the cant sense of the word, should be an especial object of sympathy and compassion above all other classes of the community, we should be very glad to see him and everybody else getting the highest wages for the least amount of work. The Saturday half-holiday has not been an unmixed advantage to the working-men, or at least to their families; but there can be no doubt that a life of constant labour has a depressing effect, and that a reasonable amount of leisure is essential to the intelligent and wholesome enjoyment of life. When the men get more accustomed to leisure, they will perhaps be able to make a better use of it; and as there has been of late years a gradual reduction of the hours of labour, the process may be expected to continue, although it is clear that it cannot be indefinitely prolonged. There is no pretence, however, for saying that ten hours at carpenter's work or bricklaying is injurious to health; and the object for which the reduction of

hours is asked is avowedly to establish an artificial system of employment. There are a great many carpenters, bricklayers, &c., out of work, and the managers of the Unions feel bound to do something for them. The working-man would probably be amazed and disgusted if the grocer told him that, because tea was too abundant in the market, it had been decided that three-quarters of a pound should be reckoned a pound, and that sixpence a pound should be added to the price. But the working-man thinks this very good logic in his own case as against the grocer and the public. It is possible that some day it may be found practicable to limit the working-day to nine hours, or even less; and as a step in that direction it is natural to begin by fixing the normal limit of the day at nine hours, and making all labour beyond that overtime at a higher rate. This was the result of the engineers' strike at Newcastle, but the real object of that strike, as of the present, was of a more serious character, and was in fact to put a stop to overtime altogether. In this the engineers failed, and it is probable that the carpenters and masons will fail too, inasmuch as they are endeavouring to coerce, not merely their employers, but a considerable section of their own class, who are anxious to increase their earnings by overtime. In the building trade it might perhaps be a fair compromise that the men should continue to do ten hours' work in the summer-time, when business presses, and nine—or, for the matter of that, eight hours—in the winter-time, when there is less work and shorter daylight. It is perhaps significant that in the United States the law fixing the day's labour at eight hours remained a dead letter till a few weeks since, when, under pressure of the Presidential election, the Government gave orders that it should be enforced in the public works. After the election the law may again be forgotten, and though in some trades the men have carried their point, the resistance to the movement is still vigorously maintained by private employers.

As the carpenters persist in their strike, and have refused the arbitration proposed by the masters, a lock-out has now commenced. The result will no doubt be a heavy loss both to masters and men, and the abstraction of a considerable amount of capital which might otherwise have been devoted to developing the trade and providing increased employment for the men. At first sight arbitration in such a case has a plausible and prepossessing look; but on examination it becomes very doubtful whether much good could be expected from it. Even if arbitrators could be chosen who commanded the implicit confidence of both parties, on what principles would they proceed to give their decisions? They would have not only to find the facts, but to invent the law which they would have to apply to the facts. How can arbitration be expected, for example, to settle such a question as the limitation of the day's work to nine hours? The masters want to make money fast and to get through as much work as possible, and therefore they insist upon ten hours. The men, who have no prospect of retiring on a comfortable fortune, and who know that they will have to work all their lives, prefer to take the journey more easily and to rest a little as they go along. Each party wants to do what is most convenient for itself, and how could an arbitrator determine which should give way? It is a sheer trial of strength. And much the same may be said of the question of wages. Have the men a right to a proportionate share in the profits of the business? With what amount of profit should an employer be contented? What are the employer's risks, and how much in the shape of a margin should be allowed for them? These are all questions as to which there are, so far as we know, no settled principles or rules for the guidance of arbitration, and until some kind of understanding was come to about them, the arbitrators would be quite at sea. It is unfortunate that the dispute cannot be settled without a conflict in which the combatants and the public will alike suffer; but it is difficult to see what else could be done.

THE TYRANNY OF CUSTOM.

THE gentlemen who delight in calling themselves Philosophical Radicals are fond of preaching a doctrine which from some points of view seems to be in curious contrast to their practice. The great evil of the present day, as they delight to inform us, is the growing tyranny of the majority. Society is becoming painfully monotonous, and we are compelled more and more to cut our cloth according to the taste of our neighbours. The black hat, under which all adult males of a certain social standing groan with an ever-increasing sense of helplessness, is a fitting emblem of our subjection. Everybody agrees, especially in such weather as that which has probably diminished the total weight of the nation by some thousands of tons in a few days, that

it is about the most detestable head-dress ever invented. It is hideous, uncomfortable in all weathers, and provocative of sunstroke in heat. And yet we are all condemned to wear it; and to appear in midday in a really convenient form of costume requires greater courage than to walk up to a battery. The ancient legend of Gessler's hat may possibly be considered at some future day, when dates have been blended together by the mists of time, as a myth expressive of that humiliating bondage; but the Tell who is to protest against it has not yet appeared. To shoot at an apple on one's child's head would be disagreeable, but what is that to making oneself ridiculous in the eyes of the respectable public? It is to be remarked that the people who protest most vigorously in theory against this despotism are also the very people who do their best to render it inevitable. The so-called tyranny of the majority is a logical result from the general levelling of society. When the distinction between classes, and even the distinction between sexes, obtains no legislative or social recognition, public opinion will naturally have a unity and an intensity hitherto unknown. The effect of mixing all classes together and giving the same weight to the opinion of every individual will naturally be that all mankind, being exposed to much the same influences, will have much the same opinion; and all the preaching in the world will hardly animate the insignificant unit in a mass of many millions to have any really independent views. If, that is, the Utopia of these theorists could ever be reached, it is probable at first sight that the evil against which they most strongly protest would be aggravated to the highest possible degree. We will not ask at present whether any ingenious changes of political machinery, such as Mr. Hare's scheme of voting, offer any chances of escape. It is not improbable, to say the least, that any such devices, however cleverly they might be constructed, would turn out to be the flimsiest of cobwebs when opposed to the deeper moral influences naturally generated by a perfectly dead level of society.

We are not, however, prepared at the present moment to discuss the very difficult problem thus suggested, or to inquire into the means by which our grandchildren may possibly escape from being ground down into multitudinous repetitions of an identical type. It will be enough for the present to dwell upon one particular branch of the argument which is not unfrequently misrepresented. The writers of whom we speak appeal to the growing uniformity of various social observances as if that tendency necessarily implied a diminution of social liberty. In one sense this is of course true. A man's choice of hats is restricted. Instead of suiting his own fancy or convenience, he is bound by an unwritten but inexorable law to choose the pattern which society in its wisdom has chosen to prescribe for him. In the same way, however much the practice may commend itself in the eye of reason, he is absolutely forbidden to chew tobacco, to eat peas with a knife, or to sit down to dinner in his shirtsleeves. It requires, however, very little thought to see that this is in many cases the price which one pays for liberty. We can do what we please so long as we make the necessary sacrifice to the idol, just as a man may say what he likes when he is dressed in a commonplace domino at a masquerade. It is impossible sufficiently to admire the efficiency of the contrivance as it is exhibited in any social meeting in London. If we consider the set of persons who are often gathered round a single dinner-table, we may easily satisfy ourselves of the advantages of this cloak of darkness. The Giant-killer in the story sits down by his bitterest enemy and eats and drinks in perfect security owing to his fairy armour. On the same principle there may be hatreds and jealousies and dark intrigues enough in a single dining-room to furnish out a whole batch of tragedies. Capulet and Montague are enabled to meet on equal terms, to shake each other by the hand, and put on all the conventional appearances of goodwill. What is this but saying that we are infinitely freer than we should be if everybody had to wear a distinguishing badge? In rough savage times, two enemies cannot meet without flying at each other's throats. Hatred, therefore, could only be indulged under severe penalties, whereas we may now indulge in the most delicious antipathies as freely and fully as our hearts can desire. There is no bad passion which we may not cherish, so long as we do not give it open expression. A man may be a misanthrope, and yet show himself every evening in a white tie and with the conventional smirk on his countenance. In earlier days he would have had either to abandon his misanthropy or to retire into a cell. That is to say, there are in this respect much fewer obstacles to the hatred of our neighbours than was formerly the case; and the same remark applies to any other passion in which our idiosyncrasies may lead us to indulge. The external uniformity of society should therefore not be described as a grinding each other down in the social mill, but rather as the adoption of a method by which our passions, at the simple price of not showing themselves on the surface, may have practically more ample room and breathing space than they would have at the antipodes. Anybody who has frequented circles which make a boast of being unconventional will probably have observed that such people are practically far more awkward and ill at ease than their respectable neighbours. Nothing imposes so really galling a restraint as the understanding that your actions are to be interpreted, not as a mere tribute to social decency, but as a sincere expression of your feelings. In London people are bound to observe certain rules from which they are excused in the country; and in London they are practically infinitely freer from the censure of their neighbours. You have, it is true, to wear a black hat and coat, and you cannot

smoke a pipe with the same freedom in the public streets. But, on the other hand, nobody knows what your income is or how you spend it, or thinks of asking, unless you invite the question, whether you attend the sermons of Mr. Spurgeon or Cardinal Manning, or sit under Mr. Voysey, or simply spend your Sunday mornings in the retirement of your own library. The tendency of things is to force all the little eddies into the main stream, and to make everybody live in a crowd instead of retiring to a hermitage. But then the crowd itself becomes a protection, and, by making a small external sacrifice, you receive in return the utmost possible freedom of action in far more essential matters.

These are sufficiently obvious considerations, but it seems as if the conclusion was not always observed. Phenomena which are really significant of an increase of liberty are noticed as though they implied a growth of social tyranny. Society imposes a certain code of laws; they are applied with greater uniformity to different classes, and it may even be that they are imposed with greater rigour than of old. But it does not necessarily follow, as seems to be frequently assumed, that they touch the individual on a greater number of points, or upon points of more vital importance. The black hat, to recur to our example, is clearly a grievance; it is devoutly to be wished that the mysterious powers which preside over such details would invent a more comfortable and becoming uniform. Perhaps it would be better still if we had arrived at that pitch of civilization at which everybody could be trusted to suit his individual taste. But that is not the issue which has been practically decided. The alternative hitherto presented to mankind has been only whether we should all wear the same uniform, or whether each class should wear its own uniform. When the artisan in his Sunday best wears the same costume as the prince, he is far freer than if he were bound to mark his trade and his geographical position by every detail of his dress. The disappearance of the old provincial peculiarities may be a subject for regret from the æsthetic and perhaps from other points of view, but to the provincial himself it means that he is shaking off some of the narrow shackles within which his mind and his person were confined, and is becoming part of a larger community with more varied interests, thoughts, and opportunities of exerting his energies. The levelling process may be merely a stage towards a further improvement and a classification of mankind according to their individual tastes, instead of the arbitrary divisions of caste and locality. It must in that case be accepted as a necessary step in the process of development, though not regarded as the ultimate goal of progress. However this may be, it would be easy to suggest many other cases in which our lamentations seem to be rather thrown away. Mr. Mill, for example, tells us that eccentricity is now regarded with so much disgust that we are inclined to set anybody down as mad who deviates from the ordinary paths of conduct. Is that entirely a disadvantage? Suppose that a gentleman comes to the conclusion that, on the whole, it would contribute to his happiness to blow his wife's brains out. He acts upon this resolution with complete disregard of the views upon the subject generally current in civilized society. In simpler times he would have been hanged by the neck till he was dead. At the present period we feel that there is very much to be said on both sides of the question, and we therefore resolve to make a judicious compromise by presenting him with a pension for the rest of his days, whilst, at the same time, we put him under certain restrictions to prevent him from acting upon his theories to the disadvantage of other people. The difference is that we have learnt to call an action silly which we used to describe as wicked. Murderous propensities have such an obvious tendency to make society unpleasant that, even on the widest doctrine of human rights, it is admitted that they ought to be put under certain restrictions; but if the special idiosyncrasy of the individual is developed into a taste for crime, he can certainly gratify it with less practical inconvenience than in former times. To do what other people do not generally do has always been considered a legitimate ground of offence. If it was formerly set down as a sin, and is now only regarded as a disease, we are so far less hampered than of old. Originality of character may possibly be growing rarer. We by no means intend to deny that it is so; and still less to deny that the diminution of originality is a natural consequence of democracy. The moral atmosphere becomes less favourable to vigorous growths, and in some cases government tends to become more rigid and more inclined to force particular modes of action upon the individual. But before we decide that the prevalence of a given custom is an instance of this tendency, there is a previous question to be considered. The new rules may be a substitute for old ones of a different character, or they may be a device for allowing deeper differences to exist under cover of superficial uniformity. To live in society is to play a game which requires a certain amount of skill. Those who possess the necessary accomplishments may flatter themselves that, even if things come to the worst, they can, at the price of a little lying, indulge any evil propensities they please to the fullest extent. There is no opinion which they may not hold, and no vice which they may not practise, with as great impunity as ever. Whether the nobler influences may not be at work which tend to promote the growth of original character, is another question; but there is really no cause to complain of the tyranny of public opinion when it is a despot who can be evaded by such very easy compliances.

THE ALFRED MILLENNARY DINNER.

THE millennium has come and the dinner has been eaten. University College has assembled to celebrate after the manner of Englishmen the anniversary of an event which never happened, and to defend as ingeniously as might be a proceeding which has at least had the merit of providing resident Oxford, and most likely non-resident Oxford also, with a source of merriment not likely to be soon forgotten. But in truth, grotesque as the whole business is, it is not merely subject for laughter. The whole affair, and the comments which have been made upon it in various quarters, show how very lax are the notions which some minds entertain of historic truth. We have of course nothing to say against the Oxford resident who so kindly served up our own remarks cold a few days before the festival took place. Perhaps we had by that time been forgotten; perhaps we had dealt with the subject in too light a vein, and it was found needful to put forth our arguments afresh in a form grave enough for the readers of the *Academy*. But the way in which some other papers talked about the matter, the sneers at carping antiquarianism and the like, serve, together with the first idea of the dinner itself, and with the speeches made at it, to show how hard it is to make many people understand that the difference between truth and falsehood is a matter of any importance at all. "Antiquarianism," like "pedantry," is one of the charges which are always hurled at the heads of those who care about truth by those who do not care about it. Anything it seems is good enough to dine about, and anything is good enough to make a joke about. We say No. When people deliberately celebrate a certain event, whether by dining or in any other way, they profess a belief in the truth of that event. If they do not believe in the event which they commemorate, the business is something beyond a joke—it is a mere piece of dishonesty.

Let us compare the mock anniversary which was kept last week with the real anniversary which was kept a few years back by the most ancient College in Oxford. The Merton College festival differed from the University College festival in the degree in which a real antiquity of six hundred years differs from a sham antiquity of a thousand years. The University College festival stood to the Merton College festival in the relation in which the Eastern believers in two creative principles hold certain animals to stand towards nobler animals of their own order. Ormuzd created the man and the horse; Ahriman, trying to imitate his work, could produce nothing better than the monkey and the ass. It is in this sort of relation that the University College sham stands to the Merton College reality. When Merton College came together to celebrate a real founder, none of its members were put to the pitiful shifts by which the speakers at University College strove to defend the celebration of an imaginary founder. No Merton man had anything to defend at all; no Merton man had any need to be ashamed of what he was doing. The members of Merton College came together to keep the anniversary of the real calling into being, by the act of a wise and bountiful man, of a noble foundation, the oldest in Oxford, at least of its kind, and which has lived on with but little change to our own day. Such a gathering needed no apology, no defence; it needed no such searching after far-fetched parables as has distinguished this pitiful attempt to ape it. Every man at Merton must have felt that he was taking a part in a ceremony in which he might well be proud to have a right to take a part. He must have felt that he was celebrating a great and beneficial revolution in Academical history, a revolution of which he was in some sort a personal representative. But every man who dined at University College in honour of the imaginary foundation of King Alfred must have known in his heart that he was dining in honour of a lie. We use, as we used before, the one word which rightly expresses the state of things. We repeat that the alleged foundation of University College by King Alfred is not a myth, it is not a legend, it is not a tradition; it is a lie, a lie invented at a known time and with a known purpose. This at once does away with the one parallel which has been found in the whole history of the world for celebrating the thousandth anniversary of an event that never happened. Dean Stanley has lighted on what he thinks an analogous case in the celebration by the Emperor Philip of the thousandth anniversary of the foundation of Rome. The foundation of Rome, he tells us, was as doubtful as the foundation of University College. He calls up, perhaps from the depths of his internal consciousness, the various objections which were brought against the ceremony, and tells how cynical critics doubted whether Romulus was really suckled by a wolf. Dr. Stanley forgets that, if there were nothing to be said against the foundation of Rome by Romulus except that a legend asserted that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, the foundation of Rome by Romulus might stand firmly as any fact in history. Cyrus, so legend said, was suckled by a kindred animal, yet Cyrus really founded the empire of Persia. So Alfred certainly did not found University College, and it is very likely that he never had anything to do with the burning of cakes; but Alfred was not the less a real man who did great things. Modern criticism leads us to disbelieve not only that Romulus was suckled by a wolf, but that Romulus ever existed at all. But we may be sure that when Philip celebrated the millenary of Rome, though many may have disbelieved the story of the wolf, there were few or none who disbelieved the fact or the date of the foundation of Rome by Romulus. Could Dr. Stanley or any other man there stand up and say that

he really believed that University College was founded by Alfred in the year 872? Dr. Stanley at least could not. With a characteristic confusion of truth and fiction he tells us that "he considers that the connexion of Oxford with King Alfred has no grains of historical truth, but is a very fine legend." And he goes on to talk about Alfred and Arthur as "two ideal kings in English history," about Cambridge and her charter, and the Poet Laureate, and what not. And then he goes on to compare the imaginary foundation of a University or a College by Alfred in the middle of the Danish wars with the real foundation of the University of Leyden in the midst of the Dutch War of Independence, and with the story, which there is at least nothing to contradict, about the sale of the ground on which Hannibal's camp was pitched. There would be something amusing, if it were not pitiable, in the state of mind which not only cannot distinguish between the honest growth of legend and the wilful invention of lies, but to which truth and falsehood in any shape seem to be matters of utter indifference. Truth must indeed be in a poor way if it is thought to be a justification of falsehood that something a little like it can be found in real history. To Dr. Stanley, the false story is, the more utterly it contradicts all truth and all possibility, the clearer it seems to become. "Viewing it as a legend," he tells us, "872 is the proper date." That is to say, it is the date which, if there are degrees in utter impossibility, is most utterly impossible. And all this comes from the mouth of one who, with the bitterest unconscious satire, exhorts his hearers to "be the true sons and disciples of Alfred the Truth-teller, and carry this"—that is, we suppose, the confusion of truth and falsehood—"on for another thousand years."

This is the main and the most characteristic feature of Dr. Stanley's speech, but one or two other points are remarkable. One of the parallels which he finds between the millenary of Rome and the millenary of University College is that "some thought, and this suspicion was not ill-founded, that Philip was a Christian in disguise." Who was the Christian in disguise at the University millenary we are not told. The only guess we can make is that, as Mr. Morgan later in the evening referred to Lord Westbury as an ornament, if not of the College, at least of the University, that eminent Christian may have been present in disguise at the dinner. But there is another part of Dr. Stanley's speech which is more remarkable still, and which we cannot help thinking must by some fault of the printer have wandered out of the speech of Mr. Lowe. Dr. Stanley is made to complain that Philip's millenary "was even on a more magnificent scale than" that of University College; "many elephants and elks came; and there was even one hippopotamus and one rhinoceros." Whether this is rightly reported we know not; as the words stand in the *Times*, any one would think that at all events the elephants and the elks, if not the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros, came as invited guests, at a time when, as the speaker goes on to say, "all classes feasted and enjoyed themselves for three nights and three days." We fear, however, that the truth of the case will hardly bear out this view with regard to the classes of elephants and of elks, to say nothing of such unclassified personages as the hippopotamus and the rhinoceros. We fear that they were there for quite another purpose, and this is what makes us think that this part of the speech must really belong to Mr. Lowe, and not to Dr. Stanley. The speaker, as his speech is reported, evidently regrets the absence from the University millenary of the elephants, elks, and other huge beasts which had their part in the Roman millenary. Now we cannot for a moment suspect Dr. Stanley of any hankering after the bloody scenes of the amphitheatre, but a delight in them would be quite consistent with the avowed sentiments of Mr. Lowe. Nothing, as we know, causes such admiration to the Chancellor of the Exchequer as a good railway accident which kills many more people than the paltry slaughter of Marathon. It would then be quite in character with Mr. Lowe to regret that elephants and elks, a hippopotamus and a rhinoceros, could not be butchered to make an Oxford holiday. But that any such sentiment fell from the lips of the Dean of Westminster we cannot lightly believe.

The reported speech of Mr. Lowe is such mere chaff and buffoonery that it does not call for any serious criticism. But we may remark that he keeps quite clear of the ticklish points which his appearance in the University he has so egregiously misrepresented could hardly fail to suggest to every mind. His great point seems to be to make a joke of the argument that no College at Oxford could have been founded by Alfred in 872 because in that year Oxford formed no part of Alfred's dominions. It is, Mr. Lowe tells us, easy for a man to give away that which is not his own. Does Mr. Lowe find it so? Does he find that his control over the revenues of the United Kingdom gives him any control over the revenues of France or Russia? Mr. Lowe had better come forward and prove his own point by founding a college on some other man's land, at some other man's expense—a college in which, instead of such antiquated subjects as Greek and Latin and Geometry, the *Disciplina Mathematica et Physica* shall take the form of the art of getting up good railway accidents, and the *Littera Humaniores* shall consist of the ideal theory of history as set forth by Dr. Stanley.

The other speeches do not call for much notice. The Master, Mr. Bradley, takes care not to commit himself to any belief in the Alfred fable. It is enough for him that the judgment of a Court of law has decided that the College is a royal foundation, and he rejoices in the practical advantages which the College reaps by being so. This is all likely enough, but it has nothing to do with

the matter. There are plenty of foundations to which no king really gave anything, which by a fiction of law have been declared to be royal foundations. If legal fictions of this kind are to be accepted as historical evidence, historians may as well give up their business altogether. Dr. Stanley of course catches with delight at the hint of the Master. Dr. Stanley, if he is consistent, must believe that all the victims of Henry the Eighth were guilty because courts of justice and Acts of Attainder declared them guilty. He must believe that all the abbots of the greater monasteries surrendered of their own free will, and he must believe that all the doings of Henry were done "of his most excellent goodness," because both assertions are to be found in the preambles of Acts of Parliament. But of course, when a man has once come to look on truth and falsehood as things indifferent, and to judge of history and legend by an "ideal" standard, he may get to believe this or anything else. He may even come to believe with Mr. C. S. Parker that "King Alfred hanged three Judges and thirty-four magistrates for corruption." We remember that there is some late legend of the kind, a legend which Mr. Kemble once refers to with that supremest form of contempt which consists in taking it as the standard of his contempt for some other story. But we should really like to know what are Mr. Parker's ideas of Judges and magistrates in the time of Alfred. Can he tell us the exact form of the Commission of the Peace, and whether their clerks were paid by fees or by salaries?

The thing is now over; those who had a hand in it will perhaps be glad that it should be forgotten as soon as may be. One thing is significant. We see no mention of the presence, we see no allusion to the absence, of those members of University College who have earned a real right to be listened to on matters of history. Dr. Stanley's ideal talk may perhaps by this time have awakened some little laughter in Yorkshire and North America. As for those who did keep the feast, we know not what their carnal repast consisted of, but we gather from Dr. Stanley's speech that at least they did not feast on elk and hippopotamus. As for the more ethereal part of the entertainment, we can only say that it reminds us of the diet spoken of by the prophet when he complains that Ephraim feedeth on wind.

THE LONDON SEASON.

NO one who happens to be in Hyde Park at six o'clock in the afternoon will venture to say that the material signs of prosperity have decreased in this country. Four, or perhaps five, lines of carriages touching one another stretch for more than a mile along the road, each containing two or more occupants whose dresses, whose servants, and whose horses represent an enormous amount of labour and expense. If they do not convey the impression of culture, they certainly convey the impression of wealth. The spectator may imagine himself to be in the chief city of Utopia, until he remembers that in that State there were no idle persons nor any occupied about unprofitable exercises, and that the dress of the citizens consisted of leather or skins which would last seven years. Though this can hardly be predicated of the over-dressed women who display their riches as they stare vacantly around them between Prince's and Stanhope Gate, yet the spectacle is a most gratifying one to the national vanity. Surely we may exclaim with triumph, "Thank God, we have got rid of the poor at last, and poor relations, and all the disagreeable incumbrances which wearied our forefathers, diminished their incomes, and doubtless shortened their lives. We have nothing to legislate for except these lines of carriages, and who can doubt for one moment that these heaps of muslin ought to have the franchise as soon as possible, and bring their information to bear upon the proceedings of Parliament?" Society is, it would seem, a concourse of beings who are able to spend at least five thousand pounds a year upon themselves, and are only kept in subjection by hearing that one amongst their number has left three hundred and twenty thousand a year to his heir. The chief difficulty they have to contend against is that of spending their incomes, and millionaires plaintively lament that they do not know how to get rid of their money. Who does not feel sympathy for them in their troubles? Many of them have found themselves suddenly in their new position through successful speculation; after investing in a moor, a yacht, one or two houses, new furniture, and the refuse of the Academy, they can think of nothing further. Fortunately for them, circumstances over which they have no control enable them to spend a little more money than they might otherwise find it possible to get through. The rise in the price of labour, the short hours' movement, and other causes operate in their favour. All the commonest requirements of life will soon become luxuries, and a mutton-chop will be as great a dainty as an ortolan. Everybody is determined to live as his neighbour lives—gives the same superfluity of sweetbreads, drinks the same wines, assumes the same importance, practises the same vulgarities. If a thing can only be done simply, unostentatiously, let it not be done at all. Unless the semi-detached house spends as much money as the detached house, the street as the square, the mews as the street, let there be no entertainments. The object with which people are collected together is not their own pleasure, but the gratification of the vanity of the host. When we are told one day that the flowers at this or that ball have cost a thousand pounds, that turtle-soup was given at

this or that supper, we recognize the efficacy of such an advertisement, and wonder how it is that we have not always required such concessions to our palates and our noses. Why should we not raise the standard still higher, and insist that all persons whose grandfathers "disappeared about the time of the assizes" should give us cucumbers stuffed with pearls at their balls? Perhaps we are on the eve of the discovery of another sense, which in all probability will require enormous sums of money for its gratification. If any stray poor are left among us at the present moment, they must certainly disappear in a few years.

We believe that London was never so full as it has been during this month. In the seventeenth century, if not later, it was so rare for a country gentleman to come to London that, when he did come, he used to make his will before he set out. In Pepys's Memoirs a saying is quoted to the effect that in proportion to its distance from the capital was the duration of a family, and that "the old rule was that a family might remain fifty miles from London a hundred years, a hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less years." If this rule holds good, all our county families ought to disappear in a few decades. The representative system is a farce. Constituents themselves represent the constituency; members groan over the perpetual presence of their electors; they are at their elbows in the lobby, in Piccadilly, in their own houses, and ask for orders for the House of Commons as if they had a share in the Government. The fusion of classes which wealth and the railways render possible is delightful, and is nowhere better exemplified than at an evening party. The Black Hole at Calcutta is the only parallel which suggests itself to the intelligent mind. In old times the back staircase might safely be counted upon as a means of exit, but education and the diffusion of knowledge through the press have opened the eyes of the masses to its usefulness. Front and back staircase are alike in being both wholly impassable. No one can get up, no one can get down. There are five breathing, perspiring human beings of both sexes in one square yard of space; there is only just room enough to keep their respective heads apart. One of the heads regrets that she did not allow one more week to elapse after the burial of her sister before she went out, and thinks of her new black gown with tears in her eyes. Another has just given a ball, and finds herself in close proximity to an old friend of her own and her husband's, with whom she has stayed for weeks in the country before her marriage, whose daughters she did not ask, and whom it has been her one object to avoid during the evening. There is no movement, only cackle, which ascends in clouds, and which, let us hope, never returns to earth in any other form again. The country neighbours fresh from the plough have the best of it, while the dyspeptic legislator, enervated by voting for Bills which at heart he detests, collapses. The guests groan and puff and snort; should an opportunity present itself at the expiration of half-an-hour, a woman implores some man near her to tear off the trimming which has wound itself round two people in the next room, a chair, and an *attaché*. The lover who has come to meet the object of his love makes despairing faces at her separated by an interval of seven yards, a lead which after an hour's diligent chase he is only able to decrease by a few feet; and when at length he gains the staircase he just catches sight of her as she leaves the cloak-room with torn dress and heightened complexion. Thus is their tender gabble postponed, and their happiness relegated to the morrow's ball. Such are the consequences of return tickets and express trains. Rooms must be full and parks crowded, for no one has anything to do. Man never is, but always to be, occupied. This little boy may be in the army or the tea trade, a fashionable stockbroker or wine merchant, a Government clerk or an hereditary legislator; whatever may be his duties, wherever may be his headquarters, the City or Aldershot, the Commons or the Lords, his time seems always to be at the disposal of his friends. On the preceding day he may have furnished an acquaintance with poisonous liquids, to-morrow there may be a field-day or a debate, but for seven days in the week he has nothing to do with himself. Idleness and wealth are natural concomitants of one another.

Unfortunately, delicacy of mind and refinement of feeling are not promoted by the diffusion of riches, and it is sad to think that turtle soup does not necessarily imply high breeding. Nothing now can be too coarse for an English audience, and the shouts of applause which greet a novelty in indecent gestures or meanings which no one can call double, show what we may expect in the future. What the club is to men, the theatre is to many women. Is a thing indecent? asks a section of the upper classes; it is; then we will go and see it, they exclaim with one consent. In the seventeenth century the English enjoyed the reputation of blushing, a reproach which no one would cast in the face of their descendants. Those mysterious laws which govern the actions of a Lord Chamberlain have permitted a French piece to be acted during the past week which in gross indecency has not been equalled for many years. There are two points in it at which the occupants of the stalls scream with delight, at the recital of which no English gentlewoman ought to be present, much less amused. We have no hesitation in saying that a woman who takes pleasure in the representation of a piece such as *Madame attend Monsieur* cannot desire to get credit for modesty, if indeed she has not lost it. At this rate the reproduction of the *Country Wife* and the *Custom of the Country* will be called for by the playgoing public with one accord, and inter-

ludes will be given during which selected passages from Brantôme and Casti will be read aloud. All we can hope for is, that the sexes will have separate days appointed to them for the hearing. No comments of censure in the meantime are made, and one might fancy, when one reads in the newspaper that the public "takes a sort of critical and self-abandoning pleasure" in what is going on, that they were doing something for which the country ought to be very grateful. Conjugal fidelity is one of the bases of the present constitution of society, and it has as yet been thought fitting to allow some of the relations between the two sexes to remain a little disguised. Of course this may be a great mistake, but until we have found something to take its place, we might give it a further trial, and not adopt La Rochefoucauld's maxim that "il y a peu d'honnêtes femmes qui ne soient lasses de leur métier." The astonishing thing is that the excuse made for all these people who flock to a morning performance where the most prurient pieces are to be played is that they do not understand it. What a girl of the present day does or does not comprehend is a question which we have no wish to enter into. Everything is conceded to her impenetrable stupidity, and her friends and relations talk of her in much the same language as Montesquieu used in the very short chapter devoted to this subject in the *Esprit des Loix*. "Les filles," says that writer, "ont un esprit qui n'ose penser, un cœur qui n'ose sentir, des yeux qui n'osent voir, des oreilles qui n'osent entendre, et ne se présentent que pour se montrer stupides." Were this flattering description a true one, they might undoubtedly be permitted to go anywhere with perfect impunity. As it is, we are only struck by the extreme openness of their eyes, and the acute sense of hearing possessed by their ears. It may be said that only an infinitesimal fraction ever go to see these French vulgarities. This may be true, though we decline to vouch for it, but their mothers and their married sisters go, and can only be the worse for what they have seen and heard. One would really think that the object of marriage was to enable women to see indecent comedies, read indecent books, and discuss indecent topics, and that the emancipation of girlhood consisted in this privilege. If a woman does not regret that she has sat through *Madame attend Monsieur*, we can only pity her; she may be expected to order tickets for the best places in the Park whenever the modern Phryne, accompanied by the acclamations of a plutocratic capital, descends into the Serpentine in honour of her mistress Venus.

THE NATIONAL SCHOOLMASTER.

THE great change which is passing over our system of national education must soon bring about a corresponding change in the position of our schoolmasters. Their numbers will be greatly increased, their stipend raised, their social status improved. If, as has been calculated, the number of children which a compulsory use of the powers of School Boards is likely to bring under teaching will require some eighty thousand teachers, it is plain that the present staff is absurdly inadequate to such a demand. Already managers are complaining of the difficulty of procuring masters, and of the increased stipends which masters require. But increase of pay is only one of the requirements which are now being energetically put forward by the class of teachers themselves. Social recognition, greater freedom of action in their work, a more public position, and deliverance from the servitude in which they at present stand either to the clergyman or the school committee, some scale of graduated promotion according to merit, and of pensions in illness or old age, are claims which have long been cherished by the body of schoolmasters, and which are now being boldly advanced in their congresses. In the main we hold these claims to be just. The position of the schoolmaster has long been a blot upon our educational system, and that it has not long ago attracted public attention is due simply to the forbearance, perhaps to the timidity, of the schoolmasters themselves. Nothing could be more ridiculous than the contrast between the hopes with which the young teacher leaves his Training College and the actual work in which he finds himself engaged. Not only has his college training been of a high order, but he has been taught to regard himself as engaged on labour which ranks next to that of the clergy itself in usefulness and dignity. But no sooner has his training been completed than he finds nine-tenths of it thrown away, his work that of a drudge, his social position hardly higher than that of the church beadle. We are not blind to the advantages of the Denominational system, but its actual result in the case of the schoolmaster has been to deprive him of any public status, and to reduce him to a mere dependent of the parson's. Theoretically, he is the servant of the school committee; practically, the school committee consists of the clergyman alone, and it is to the clergyman only that the schoolmaster in ninety cases out of a hundred feels himself responsible. In what is called a well-organized parish he generally ranks a little below the Scripture-reader, and a little above the district nurse. If he is in a country school, he is expected to play the harmonium whenever the rector's daughter has a headache, and to make himself useful at the penny reading or in putting up the decorations on high festivals. If he has a fair voice, he is assigned his place in the choir, and in any case he is bound to train the children in their hymn singing, and to see them to church. He is not so much the National schoolmaster as the Church schoolmaster, and it is only in realizing his actual position that we can fairly estimate the "Dissenting grievance" of which we heard so much

a little time ago. In some ways, no doubt, the position has its advantages; the rector is generally the only person of any education in a country parish, and intercourse with him, or dependence on him, is likely to be less galling to the schoolmaster than the society or control of squireens or farmers. But the relation is, after all, a false one, and, like all false relations, it tells badly both on the clergy and the teachers. The parson is tempted to regard his schoolmaster simply in a parochial light, to meddle and muddle with the instruction from a religious point of view, to use the school, in short, as a sheer piece of parish machinery. The master has to collect statistics of the number of unbaptized children among his scholars, to report sick cases among their parents, to pick out fit subjects for confirmation, to press the claims of the Sunday-school, and to report the general tittle-tattle of the village to his spiritual lord. The result is simply that he is regarded as a mere hanger-on of the parson, and that he has no social position at all. One of the most common, as it is the most bitterly felt, among the complaints of the schoolmasters is the complaint of social isolation. Their education has raised them high above the society of the poor, while the middle classes, the farmer, or the tradesman, look down on them as they would look down on a pew-opener. Another result is that the master is regarded as a mere servant, without authority even in his own school. The angry mother who thinks Johnny backward in his "summing" runs off to make her protest, not to the teacher, but to the parson. The youngest curate assumes a tone of lofty superiority to the schoolmaster in the very presence of his class. His position is robbed in a thousand ways of all dignity, and the young enthusiast who has started from the Training College with the *Life of Arnold* in his pocket finds himself the more powerless and least regarded member of a parochial staff.

Nor is his work likely to meet those dreams of a teacher's vocation which the young master may have cherished. Even in its highest forms education has a terrible monotony, but there is something crushing in the monotony of a National School. The children are for the most part removed before much intelligent teaching can have been imparted to them. The actual course of instruction has been stripped of all the more entertaining subjects, such as history or geography, in which a master could give the rein to his ingenuity, and restricted to the simplest elements. The inadequacy of his staff, the frequent mixture of children of widely different ages, the poverty of the school apparatus, are all so many obstacles in the way of original teaching. The slightest deviation, in fact, from the usual routine is regarded with jealousy by the school committee as likely to imperil their proceeds from the coming examination, and is frowned down upon by the parents. His religious instruction, on which the teacher has counted for the "moral influence" of which he heard so much at the Training College, resolves itself into listening to a drowsily chanted catechism, or standing by the side of a boggling curate as he turns in for his weekly "religious lesson to the school." Even the Bible teaching has to drop into a weary detail of the wanderings in the Desert or the number of the parables. Mr. Matthew Arnold has just made a gallant attempt to rescue the Bible from such handling as this by publishing the later chapters of Isaiah as a school handbook, with notes which are admirably adapted to bring out the literary and poetic excellences of the Hebrew prophet. But, whatever may be the fate of such an experiment in the future, it is hopeless as things go now. Most of the clergy would summarily forbid the use of a book which treated the Bible in a literary light at all; and, even irrespectively of this difficulty, there is the difficulty of examination which will always drive managers back on the easier test of such questions and answers as may be found in a "Scripture analysis." The most terrible obstacle, of course, to any higher teaching on the master's part lies in the irregularity of attendance, which renders progress among the bulk of his scholars almost inconceivably slow. Harvest-tide and crow-keeping in the country, running errands, and nursing the little ones in town, make the master's work, as it is conducted nowadays, a mere struggle against fate. He knows that, of the children who leave his school and figure in national statistics as educated, nine-tenths are unable to read with ease, and in the long run will soon cease to read at all. It is this consciousness of "grinding the wind," of the uselessness of their work, which tells most upon the spirit and energy of the National schoolmasters. Any admixture of boys of a higher class, such as is common enough in America, would enable them to face the general inertia of the rest. But the odd system which, by exacting an inadequate school fee, stamps our poor schools with the pauper stamp, while it prevents them from being free and so equal to all, has made the smallest tradesman anxious to raise his children at least above the level of the National School.

The very atmosphere of the school, too, is depressing. Even the best of our modern school-buildings are nothing but long, narrow, white-washed galleries, like the corridors of a workhouse, with bareness and monotony in their aspect. In towns playgrounds are almost impossible, and the long school hours without interruption bring about their inevitable air of dullness and exhaustion in both teacher and taught. The American resources of play-rooms and gymnastics would tax too heavily, as things go nowadays, the resources of English managers. The master, indeed, has hardly time to devote to planning resources of this kind, even if he had the energy. School is no sooner over for the children than he has his work with the pupil-teachers. His evenings are often enough spent in elking out an inadequate stipend by making up the accounts of some neighbouring tradesman. There are school returns

to be furnished for the ensuing examination, reports to be prepared for the school committee, perhaps a night school to drain the last remnant of attention and strength. And beyond all this there are the daily anxieties of a position dependent on the caprice of a few irresponsible persons. The one dread of the master is his dread of the "month's warning" which will send him out again without a penny in the world. He is anxious about the falling off in the school subscriptions, or the deficiency of the scholars' pence. Discipline becomes feeble lest complaints should make a bad impression at the vicarage. The school remains ill-lighted and ill-ventilated because the school committee would be worried to find money for repairs, and a worried school committee generally exhausts its worry on the schoolmaster. But the most terrible dread of all is the dread of the annual school inspection. That inspection, as it is conducted at present, works badly on the teachers themselves is plain enough from the fact, which every clergyman of experience will verify, that the best masters dread the coming of the inspectors with even more anxiety than the worst. In too many cases these gentlemen seem to regard themselves as bound to be as fussy and disagreeable as possible. Some of them treat the schoolmaster in the face of his boys as a decent man would hardly treat a dog. As a rule their ultimate verdict is fair enough, but it is often got at by an amount of teasing and bullying which reduces the children to blank idiocy and their teacher to despair. The master is forced to look on while his best boys are reduced to stupefaction by rapid questions delivered in the tone of a drill sergeant, and to know that he will be snubbed for a single suggestion or for a whisper of encouragement. All the faults of defective apparatus or insufficient light are laid at his door, though he has prayed in vain for the one and protested in vain against the other. He knows that a word of censure on the back of his certificate will reduce him to ruin, but he is generally left to the very close of the examination to learn that all this scolding and ill-temper on the inspector's part is only official routine, and that he need have been in no trouble at all. The few words of scanty praise at the close hardly atone for the months of dread and the day of agony which make up a school inspection.

That the change in the general system of English education must be accompanied by a change in the condition of the schoolmaster is plain enough. Half of his troubles spring from the inadequacy of his pay, and one of the first results of the establishment of School Boards has been a rise from the *Scd.* with a house, which was considered fair pay for a town master, to a somewhat higher figure. The question of stipend may fairly be left to the operation of the law of supply and demand, but the question of pensions is one which can only be dealt with by the Education Office. It is plain, however, that if teaching is to be regarded as a permanent profession, some system of pensions is absolutely necessary, and that the chief obstacle to any real improvement in the condition of the teaching class arises from a want of this sense of permanence. A really first-rate master is forced by sheer necessity to be continually seeking to quit his post and to avail himself of the distinction he may have gained to establish some middle-class school, or to enter into some business which will enable him to provide for old age. We may fairly look upon a graduated arrangement of schools as likely to supersede the present purely isolated system, a system which is as wasteful as it is educationally absurd. Such an arrangement would provide for the promotion of masters by merit from the lower to the higher posts in their profession. A prospect of promotion would not only infuse hope into the class as a whole, but would open to the intelligent master the chance of a position where his intelligence would at last find some scope for itself in public instruction. His dependence on the clergy, and his false relation to the Church, will gradually cease as the establishment of School Boards places education on a national basis. Even the poorest rural parish will profit when it finds in the parson and the schoolmaster two centres of intelligence and culture instead of one, nor is there the least necessity that the relation of the two should be hostile, because their position is distinct. With the rise of income and the attainment of independence will come a far higher social recognition of the schoolmaster's value, and a cessation of the isolation which is at present the most painful feature in his lot. A wise School Board will probably learn to regard the master less as their servant and more as a coadjutor and adviser in the general development of the school. Already there are signs that the new impulse given to education is likely to break down the narrow bounds within which teaching has been confined. The introduction of music and drawing has already relieved the monotony of the master's work, and if the visions of the London School Board are realized, we may hear of lessons in political economy, in history, and in the common laws of health. The inevitable spread of compulsory attendance will remove the chief obstacles which at present fetter the work of instruction, while the abolition of school fees will probably bring about a greater fusion of classes in the schools, and raise in a remarkable way the moral and intellectual tone of the mass of scholars. The difficulties, in fact, which have so long hung about the path of our teachers seem likely to vanish in a quiet and easy way. We believe, from our knowledge of the class, that the result will be a very encouraging one, and that half the new impulse which we may look for in English education will be owing to the new hope and sense of self-respect which the present changes are certain to infuse into the National schoolmaster.

THE RIGHT OF VETO IN PAPAL CONCLAVES.

A GOOD deal has been said lately of rumoured negotiations among the great Powers of the Continent as to the influence to be exercised over the next Papal election. Some German papers have gone so far as to suggest that the rights anciently enjoyed by the "Holy Roman Empire" have now passed by inheritance to the German Empire; to which the Ultramontane *Voce della Verità* replies, not without some force, that "the Holy Roman Empire has been dead for sixty-six years, and left no heir, and that the new Prussian Empire has about as much to do with it as Victor Emmanuel with Odoacer." The same journal adds that the power of exclusion allowed to France, Spain, and Austria was not a right, but a mere friendly concession, which may at any moment be recalled, and ought to be recalled when those States have ceased to be protectors of the Catholic Church, and only tolerate it, as they tolerate Anabaptists, Jews, or Quakers. Still less can any such privilege be claimed for a Protestant Power like Prussia, which is actually engaged in persecuting the Church. Meanwhile an anonymous pamphlet on the subject has appeared at Munich, or rather has been distributed in diplomatic circles, for it seems not to have been regularly published. Only a hundred copies are in print, and the writer's name, as well as the party he represents, is matter of dispute. But it has been criticized in several Italian journals, and the alleged intention of the Curia to refuse the right of veto in the next Conclave gives an additional interest to the subject. The motto of the pamphlet, which is taken from De Maistre, rather points to an Ultramontane authorship. "N'y a une grande erreur dans la cour de Rome. Sa Sainteté se croit souverain, puis pape. C'est tout le contraire." But the contents would hardly bear out this supposition. It does not look like the work of a theologian or a journalist, and the splendid get-up, for it is quite an *édition de luxe*, suggests an official origin.

The question is treated historically, and the author begins by pointing out from how early a date first the Greeks and then the Germans came to interfere in the election of the Pope, though their right to do so was, naturally, recognized or contested, as the case might be, according to circumstances. We may add, however, that never before the eleventh century was the notion entertained of making the election independent of the civil authority, still less of lodging the exclusive right in the hands of a select body of ecclesiastics. It was after the Emperor Henry III. had deposed one Pope and nominated several that Hildebrand, the restorer and second founder of the Papacy, induced Nicholas II., whose election he had himself brought about, to issue the Bull which may be said to constitute the Magna Charta of the Sacred College, who are thereby created an ecclesiastical Senate, and entrusted with the sole exercise of the franchise, which they had formerly shared with the clergy and people of Rome. The Bull declares the right to belong first to the Cardinal Bishops, then to the Cardinal Clerks, and leaves to the clergy and people only the office of acquiescing in their choice. The Romans are consoled by a rather vague provision that the Pope should be chosen by preference from the bosom of the Roman Church, and a clause was inserted, "saving the honour and reverence due to our beloved son Henry (Henry IV., who was a child at the time), at present king, and who with God's favour, it may be hoped, will become Emperor, as also to his successors, who may have personally acquired this right from the Apostolic See." This proviso, intended to soothe the pride of the Emperor, was often afterwards appealed to in contests between the Papacy and the Crown, and Gfrörer has even fallen into the strange mistake of supposing it to be the origin of the veto afterwards exercised by certain Catholic Powers. The next great change was accomplished more than a century later, by Alexander III., but it is not quite accurately described in the pamphlet as a withdrawal of the rights—shadowy as such rights already were—of the people and the Emperor, Alexander was elected by a bare majority in a very stormy Conclave, and his long reign was embittered by the rivalry of three successive anti-Popes. The decree he promulgated at the third Lateran Council, and which has remained in force ever since, was to provide that no election should be valid without a majority of two-thirds of the Cardinals present. At that time, as the author observes, the Papacy was in the ascendant, but a matter of such importance for the States of Europe as the election of a Pope was not likely to be left in the hands of ecclesiastics to settle as they pleased; and both the Emperors and the Kings of France found means of exercising an indirect influence through Cardinals attached to their interests. And thus very gradually grew up that right of exclusion, which was at first exercised in various ways, but came in course of time to assume definite form and obtain formal recognition, though resting on no written law. It was strictly confined to the Crowns of Spain, France, and Germany; Venice, Tuscany, and Portugal have claimed it, but the claim has never been allowed. Philip II. wished for a right, not of exclusion, but of nomination, which was of course refused. It is impossible to define when the veto was first officially recognized, but in 1644 the confessors of the Conclave declared the Cardinals to be bound by it. It was formally exercised by Austria in 1823 against Cardinal Severoli, and, for the last time, in 1831 by Spain against Cardinal Giustiniani, who had been Nuncio at Madrid, and who took the disappointment so keenly to heart that he was attacked with fever in consequence. But Austria, which was most directly interested in the matter from her large Italian possessions, favoured the election of Pius VIII., while that of Leo X. was the work of the Italian party, the French Cardi-

nals who had been directed to exclude him having been outwitted by a surprise; for the veto can only be exercised once, and only before the final election. Closely connected, we may add, with this right of veto are the election manoeuvres with which the annals of Conclaves are filled, through the plots of Cardinals to bring about some preconceived result. The commonest of these tricks—so common, indeed, as to be almost an established custom—is the naming of sham candidates by rival sections, generally with a view of eliciting the veto which would otherwise have been reserved for the candidate they really desire to elect, but which, once exercised, cannot be repeated. For the names of those Cardinals whom it wishes to exclude are always confided by each Court to some member of the Sacred College on whose fidelity it can rely, and who is to use his discretion in applying the veto at the right moment. But as every Cardinal takes an oath to vote for that candidate whom in his conscience he deems the worthiest, the question has been gravely discussed by canonists whether it is lawful for them, as a matter of strategical manoeuvring, to vote for a candidate whose election they do not intend or approve. Lawful or not, however, there can be no doubt of the ordinary practice.

To return to the Munich pamphlet. After discussing the historical question, the author turns in conclusion to the approaching Conclave which will follow on the death of Pío Nono. He remarks on the long and eventful reign of the present Pope, and on the fact of Italy, by following in the path he himself pointed out in the earlier days of his pontificate, having become a great nation. "What an Italian Pope began, an Italian prince has completed." It is difficult to determine how much there is of earnestness and how much of occult irony in the following paragraph, which speaks of the Pope's present attitude, and his firm resistance to the seductive whispers of a party which hates Italy and all legitimate progress of the human mind, as having gained for him universal respect. Freed from the cares of State, "which hindered his divine mission without increasing his authority," he is said to rule the Church in complete independence. He is further said—on what evidence appears not, and he publicly asserted less than a week ago "that all guarantees are illusory"—to be fully convinced that the guarantees which the civil Powers would readily give afford a far surer protection to the Church than the defunct temporal power, which was weak at best, and so often became the prey of foreign armies. If Pius IX. would but yield to the instincts of his great heart, and reconcile himself with the Kingdom of Italy, how great would be the advantage for the Church and for the world! But if not, he will at least have lightened the task for his successor. The closing words of the pamphlet we will give as they stand:—

It will be for Italy a great and solemn moment when the Cardinals meet to elect a successor to Pius IX. She might perhaps feel tempted to desire to exercise the same influence on the Conclave as has been exercised for centuries past by the other great Catholic Powers. But Italy will refrain from that. Such a procedure would be inconsistent with the principle so often proclaimed of "a free Church in a free State"; and it would meet with most determined resistance, although the same rights belong to her, as a Catholic Power, as to Spain, France, and Austria. On the other hand, Italy will exert a great moral influence over the Cardinals, most of whom are her sons; all the surroundings of place and time will remind them of their duty to their fatherland. They will have to consider whether it would not be better to establish an honourable peace, rich in blessings, than to be perpetually recurring to claims hopelessly forfeited; in a word they will have to remember that it is their mission to complete what Pius IX. has begun. Nor will the other Catholic Governments put any pressure on the Conclave; it is their interest, too, that the Papacy should be reconciled with Italy, and this exhausting struggle cease. Nor have they any longer their old interest in excluding each other's candidates, and turning the election, in which they take the liveliest part, into a wild game of intrigues. And, moreover, inasmuch as they have more or less followed the tendency of the age towards the separation of Church and State, they too have lost their legitimate title to take part in the Conclave. Pius IX. has set his seal on this altered condition of things by reversing the unbroken precedent of all former centuries in not inviting the Governments to the Council. Thus the election will be free, and therefore full of blessing. If once the Pope is again wholly devoted to his lofty mission of leading men's hearts with wisdom and knowledge through example and self-sacrifice, he will have no more enemies, while as the true representative of Christ, he inscribes on his banner the evangelical words, pardon and love.

The significance of these utterances depends of course on whether they emanate, as is rather suspected, from some shrewd member of the Curia who wishes to give a plausible character to its pretensions, or from a *bona fide* Liberal Catholic and friend of Italy, who earnestly desires peace, and has formed a brilliant ideal in his own mind of the probable results of a separation of Church and State. Whether the three Great Powers who have a prescriptive right to the veto will care to claim it in the next Conclave, or prefer to trust to other means of exerting such influence as they may wish to use in the selection of a new Pope, it would be unsafe to predict. But while France stands aloof, and Austria and Spain, under constitutional Governments, are committed to what the Court of Rome regards as a policy of persecution, there is every reason to expect that the claim, if it is made, will be contested. It will be open of course to the Catholic Governments to decline to acknowledge a pontiff elected without their concurrence, and two or three centuries ago, or perhaps later, such would have been their natural course. But the age of anti-Popes is past, and the Conclave, whether acting with or without the official intervention of secular Powers, can hardly fail to appreciate the unwisdom of perpetuating a *non possumus* attitude from which the Papacy has nothing to gain and may have much to lose.

PUBLIC PROSECUTORS.

IT is difficult to see why the pressure of Parliamentary business should hinder the Government from having an opinion. The expediency in the abstract of appointing public prosecutors is almost universally admitted, and the practical obstacles to such appointments may be discovered and their importance may be estimated by any intelligent person who will carefully investigate the subject. Much of the business of the Home Office and other departments of Government might be transacted by common sense and industry, but it is possible that the entire available stock of these qualities has been expended by the Foreign Office upon the conduct of the *Alabama* negotiations. The department over which Mr. Bruce presides can do nothing itself, and can say nothing effectual about that which is proposed to be done by others. It would have been incredible, unless a report of the speech had actually appeared, that Mr. Winterbotham could invite the House of Commons to assume the efficiency of central control over prosecutions, because in about ten years the expense of them has been taxed down to one-third of their former amount. Everybody except Mr. Winterbotham must be aware that this control is only efficient in the same sense in which the word might be applied to the check which is maintained upon the expenditure of the army or navy. There is profusion when there should be thrift, and *vice versa*. If Mr. Cardwell were to take credit for expending less money upon gunpowder than his predecessors, even the Treasury Bench could hardly avoid having a vague impression that a colleague was talking nonsense. It might have been expected that Mr. Winterbotham would make an effort to talk rationally even in the House of Commons on a Wednesday. As for Mr. Bruce, he is, as might be expected at this season of the year, "entirely in the hands of the House," in reference to this as well as every other question. The great heat of the weather has perhaps prevented him from forming or retaining an opinion. If the House desired to proceed with the Bill, Mr. Bruce would be "most happy"; and if the House desired not to proceed with the Bill, Mr. Bruce would be "content." It seems, however, that even the continuance of Mr. Bruce in office cannot long delay the appointment of a public prosecutor for London. As regards the provinces, the application of the same principle might be permitted; and probably the experience of one district might guide others. The existing practice is admitted to be unsatisfactory. Cases are taken up which ought to be let alone, and cases are neglected which ought to be taken up. It is true that the parsimony of the Treasury checks some prosecutions, while other prosecutions are stimulated by the expected allowance of expenses. At the last assizes the spectacle was exhibited of the Lord Chief Justice of England trying a charge of obtaining by false pretences horse-bones, of the value of 3s.; and another charge of stealing a crazy little vehicle, such as was used for conveying children before perambulators were invented, and of which the value was declared, perhaps with some audacity, to be 6s. It is possible that Sir Alexander Cockburn may have been as usefully engaged at that time as he is now, and of course if a case is committed for trial immediately before the assizes, the Judge must try it, however trifling may be its character. But when inquiry was made how it happened that so many trumpery cases were brought to these assizes, the answer was suggested, with considerable plausibility, that they came there for the sake of the expenses. It is a change in the dulness of rural life to be brought to the assizes and entertained for a few days, although penuriously at the expense of the county. The police, too, are anxious to maintain their characters for vigilance and activity. But although witnesses may be willing or desirous to attend, a prosecution of any difficulty cannot be carried forward without the assistance of an attorney, and it seems to be almost a matter of accident whether that assistance will be provided.

The Treasury allowance does not pay an attorney either to come himself or to send a clerk any distance to an assize town upon a single case. An attorney may happen to have several cases, or he may possibly obtain them by laying himself out for that line of business—in other words, by cultivating friendly relations with police-officers. This, however, a respectable practitioner would hardly do, and it is very undesirable that the conduct of criminal prosecutions should become a branch of what is elegantly termed "enterprise." In some districts the largest number of prosecutions are conducted by the clerk to the magistrates who commit the prisoner for trial. This practice has been strongly condemned by Sir Alexander Cockburn, for reasons which are unanswerable; and if, nevertheless, it is under present circumstances almost necessary, we have got some way towards demonstrating that the appointment of public prosecutors is inevitable. A clerk to magistrates, says the Lord Chief Justice, is the very person who ought to have nothing to do with a prosecution. "It gives him a sinister interest in the prosecutions which he ought not to have, and an indirect motive to get prisoners committed for trial." But if this rule is to be applied, the result will be that some attorney or attorneys of the district must do the business, and they can only do it profitably in the lump. The person most frequently bound over to prosecute is the head of the police, and if he is to choose the attorney who is to be employed, various influences will be used by unscrupulous men to obtain business, while all others will decline it wholly. It is quite consistent with this state of things that several Chairmen of Quarter Sessions declared in the House of Commons that they saw no necessity for public prosecutors in their own counties. Practice is often better than, according to theory, it ought to be,

and there are doubtless many clerks to justices who are utterly incapable of procuring committals with a view to their own emolument. But nevertheless, when the possible evil of this practice has been so forcibly indicated by an eminent Judge, its continued maintenance becomes impossible. The establishment to some extent, and in some form, of public prosecutors could not be long delayed even if Mr. Bruce continued to hold his present office.

It has been remarked that the tendency of modern civilization is to provide places for barristers of fair ability and industry, of ten or more years' standing, who happen to possess interest with the givers of good things. Whenever public prosecutors are introduced, the truth of this remark is likely to be confirmed; but it is not wonderful that members of Parliament who are not practically familiar with the evil of the present system should hesitate at creating several places to which good salaries must be attached. One Chairman of Quarter Sessions said that within his experience only two cases had occurred in several years where a public prosecutor was really wanted. It may be, however, that this chairman is content, as some of his brethren certainly are, with the system which Sir Alexander Cockburn has denounced. He admits indeed that a public prosecutor ought to be appointed for a large district, so that his services might be invoked "when private individuals do not come forward." But we should say that it was almost better to trust to the clerks of justices than to the capricious and uncertain action of individuals. If the crime is serious, and if the person injured or that person's friends are in the middle or upper class of life, it is expected that the prosecution will be undertaken by them, and this expectation is usually realized. But in light cases, affecting persons in humble life, it comes pretty much to what was stated in reference to the "horse-bones" case at the last Assizes. Good-nature or malevolence, inclination to stick to work or to take holiday may affect the question; and if a prosecution goes forward, it will probably not be conducted by an attorney, unless there happens to be one in the neighbourhood looking out for this sort of business. The presence of such an attorney may or may not be a blessing to a neighbourhood, but it is certainly one of those dispensations of Providence which cannot be relied on. Supposing the appointment of public prosecutors to be indefinitely postponed, a considerable improvement of the present system might be effected by the Bill providing that clerks to justices should be paid by salary instead of by fees for conducting prosecutions. They are in general highly respectable attorneys, who are incapable of knowingly acting upon an unworthy motive, but the imputation of such a motive is almost as bad as its actual existence. If public prosecutors were appointed for London and some other large towns, and if this arrangement of paying justices' clerks by salaries were generally introduced in rural districts, it is possible that the appointment of public prosecutors for these districts might, at any rate for a time, be left optional. It is possible that a "Permissive" Bill might be in this case useful, notwithstanding the discredit which justly attaches to the term. There are happily several counties of England where crime is both rare and slight, although, perhaps, on this side of the Tweed we have hardly yet reached that condition of peace and innocence which must exist in a Scottish burgh where the police force consists of only the superintendent. It is true that the Inspector of Constabulary, who is doubtless regarded by the authorities of this burgh as a troublesome busy-body, has reported that "it is impossible for one man to be an efficient police for both day and night duty without any one to assist him"; but that is only the Inspector's opinion. We observe that the population of this burgh has declined in the last ten years, and it may be that the inhabitants, being compelled to retrench in luxuries, have determined that that of a police force could best be spared. As we have already said, practice is sometimes better than theory shows it ought to be. Even in that English county where prosecutors come forward for the sake of the pleasure and excitement of a trip to the county town, it may at least be said that the same privileges are enjoyed by the defendant. There is, however, no doubt about this—that one public prosecutor ought to be appointed. When the system is in work, we may judge better whether it ought to be extended.

FUNERAL SERMONS.

IT appears that the remains of the late Mr. James Gordon Bennett have been buried with something like public honours at New York, and we shall probably hear that, as in the case of Fisk, the character of this distinguished citizen has been made the subject of some pathetic pulpit eloquence. Meanwhile, the *New York Herald* has lost no time in preaching a funeral sermon on its own account; and a very characteristic composition it is. The *Herald* begins by remarking that it is not its province to eulogize the memory of its founder. Leaving that to others, it will simply observe that Mr. Bennett was one of "the sterling benefactors of the human race"; that in establishing the *Herald* he worked out his ideal of a perfect newspaper "founded upon the principles of truth and justice"; that this great journal has always exercised a healthful influence on the politics and public men of the United States, and has elevated the character of the press; and that in it Mr. Bennett "leaves behind him a monument to his genius and energy which will carry down his name, familiar in their mouths as household words, to future generations." *Si monumentum queris circumpice* is, in fact, the text of the article,

or sermon. If you want to understand what a great man Mr. Bennett was, just cast your eyes over this wonderful sheet, over these pages of thrilling leaders and sensational news, these crowded columns of highly-paid and not at all squeamish advertisements, and temper your grief for the departed with the consoling reflection that the best part of him survives in this cheap compendious form, and will be carried on as usual. Put into so many plain words, that is pretty much what the *Herald* has to say for itself.

Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
There lies the landlord of the Lion.
Resign'd unto the heavenly will,
His son keeps on the business still.

It is assumed that "no one will gainsay the benefits conferred upon mankind by the genius, energy, and liberality of the deceased," and it is needless to remark that these benefits were summed up in the production of the *Herald*. It will be admitted that, "in the advocacy of novel and comprehensive projects, Mr. Bennett's broad views took no heed of obstacles that to ordinary minds seemed insurmountable," and that nothing could be more "truly independent" than his ideal journal, which never allowed itself to be trammelled by the narrow obligations of political principle, public morality, or even social decency. It used to be said of Brindley, that he thought the rivers were made to feed canals; and Bennett, we are told, attached great importance to steamship lines, railroads, and telegraphs, as "the life-blood of a perfect daily paper." The superiority of the *Herald*, however, was not unfrequently manifested in its independence, not only of the ordinary channels of information, but even of the course of events. Bennett had one leading principle from which he never deviated. He held that the public, like a spoiled child, must be supplied with whatever it wanted. It wanted news, and if none came to hand in the usual way, something had to be invented. The *Herald* winds up its homily on its founder with some remarks on his private life, praising his liberality and generosity; and there is no reason to suppose that he did not deserve the loyalty and goodwill of his staff. We have already expressed our opinion very freely with regard to his notorious public career, but it would be strange if there were nothing to be said on the other side. Bennett was singularly simple and abstemious in his personal habits, and he was one of the hardest working men in the world. There is always one side of a man's character which will bear the light, and on which the funeral sermon can expatiate comfortably. The human monster who is despicable or villainous all round is rarely, if ever, to be met with. Some redeeming points can hardly fail to be discerned even in the blackest character, if the point of view is discreetly chosen. In Victor Hugo's *Legend of the Ages*, when the Eastern Pasha was arraigned in Heaven for the crimes he had committed on earth, the record of pillage and massacre, of villages given up to fire and sword, and peasants oppressed and plundered, was interrupted by the intercession of a little pig from whose back the Pasha had once in wanton humour flicked away some troublesome flies with the thong of his whip. Byron's Corsair had "one virtue and a thousand crimes," and there is always something to be said about the courage of the footpad or the temperance and self-denial of the miser.

It may be said that it is in itself a wholesome and beneficial exercise to study the best side of human nature, and to endeavour to discover and exhibit the good qualities which are usually to be found even in the most unpromising subjects; and this is no doubt true. The only question is as to the propriety of concentrating attention on the good qualities, and putting the bad qualities out of sight. There can be no doubt that the old maxim, that nothing but good should be spoken of the dead, represents a natural and healthy sentiment. In a generous mind there must be a strong disinclination to attack a man who is no longer able to answer for himself. It is felt to be a cheap bravado to assail the dead, while more solemn thoughts also create a reluctance to speak harshly of one who has passed from man's judgment to the great account. The danger is that pity for the sinner is apt to produce leniency towards the sins. The ordinary standards of morality are tampered with and debased when notorious vices or crimes are treated as trivial matters which need not be mentioned, or when an attempt is made to diminish their enormity by showing that even the best of men have their failings, and by suggesting that one or two small and fitful virtues make a handsome set-off against a persistently evil and noxious career. That there are spots in the sun, that certain people are painted blacker than they are, that there is bad in the best of us and good in the worst, are the familiar commonplaces of the funeral sermon when it reaches that point of candour at which any weaknesses or defects on the part of the subject of it are recognized at all; and it seems to us difficult to imagine anything more debilitating and bewildering to the moral sense than this kind of good-natured casuistry. It may be admitted that the moment when a man has just died is not the most fitting time to go out of one's way to rake up old scandals against him, and to direct attention exclusively to the dark features of his character. But, on the other hand, it should not be forgotten that truth has also its rights, and the gratification of a sentimental impulse cannot be accepted as an excuse for palliating villany or holding up a notorious rogue or ruffian to public respect and admiration. It is impossible not to be struck with a certain disposition to whitewash scoundrelism, and to attribute to mania or inadvertence the more horrible forms of crime, which would seem to be one of the least healthy characteristics of modern civilization. It is beginning to be assumed that the

decencies of life require that the possibility of very bad people existing in the world should be systematically ignored, and when anything very bad is done, an immense amount of ingenuity is invariably displayed in showing that it must be due to anything or everything except the badness of the person who did it.

It is obvious that the old *de mortuis* rule is liable to some abuse, and that it should be applied only within certain limits. In the first place, if it were to be strictly enforced, it would put a stop to a good deal of history. There might be some difficulty in determining in a satisfactory manner how many years or centuries a person should be dead before his personal character and career on earth become a legitimate subject for impartial and outspoken criticism. Looking merely to moral consequences, we should say that it is of more importance that contemporary scoundrels should be painted in their true colours than that strict judgments should be passed on those who may be said to belong to history. There is no reason to suppose that the enthusiasm of a popular historian for the character of Henry VIII. has exercised a baneful influence on the conjugal behaviour of British husbands; but if Henry VIII. had lived in our own day, and had recently figured under disgraceful circumstances in the Divorce Court, there might be some danger lest the attempt to present him in an amiable and pleasing light should encourage imitation and immorality. It is not very often that anybody resolves to shape his course after the example of a remote historical personage. If a model is chosen, it is usually sought in contemporary life. It has been stated that Gordon Bennett was very much influenced in early life by reading the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, and it is possible that a laudatory narrative of his own career might afford dangerous encouragement to aspiring youth. Funeral sermons are not unknown in this country, but they are happily a branch of clerical enterprise which has hitherto not been much cultivated among us. It would appear that the press has been gradually usurping this function of the pulpit, without much regret or jealousy on the part of the occupants of the latter. If the Burial Bill passes into law, addresses at the grave may be expected to become a familiar form of public amusement, and there is no saying what may be the effect of secular competition on clerical orators. What the lawyers would call the "common form" of funeral sermons is apparently borrowed from the tombstones on which the most angelic qualities are indiscriminately ascribed to anybody whose relatives are able and willing to pay for chiselling the inscription. The epitaph is a conventional mark of respect by which nobody is deceived; but it is not desirable that it should be amplified from the pulpit. On the whole, it would perhaps be well if a little of that charity which is lavished on the dead were reserved for the living. All personal judgments should of course be cautiously framed and temperately expressed; but if it is certain that a man was a rogue while he lived, there is no reason when he dies to pretend that he was a useful and reputable member of society. It may not be necessary to gibbet his memory; if there was nothing flagrant or flaunting in his misdeeds, he may have a claim to silent pity; but if anything is to be said about him, it should be the truth. Within certain limits, the maxim enjoining tenderness for the reputation of the dead is reasonable enough; but it is clear that it is liable to abuse if pushed too far, and that it is not desirable to outrage truth and to perplex and confound the moral sense of society by calling black white and bad good merely because a man has happened to die.

ROAD AND RAIL.

THE "White Horse Cellar," Piccadilly, must have been a melancholy place of late years for the old stage coachman. We can imagine the scene of his former glories having the same touching interest for him as the fallen Column of the Place Vendôme has for a veteran of the Imperial Guard. The genius of the different nations may have paid its tribute to the vanished past in different and characteristic fashion. We know that the worn warriors of France used to deck the railing of the column with *immortelles*. We do not readily fancy the British coachman yielding ostentatiously to the sentimental vein, or strewing on the dusty pavement the dahlias or peony roses which he would once have placed in the button-hole of his benjamin. It is easier to imagine him turning for consolation to the frothing stout, and burying his sorrow-stricken features in the quart pot. Yet we doubt not that the melancholy of the Briton was more deep-seated than that of the Gaul, especially as practical considerations must have crowded on him along with sentimental ones. The French veteran *en retraite* might look back regretfully on the career of his youth, as all of us may who find themselves old and failing. But his day had gone by in any case, and his age had landed him at the goal of his earlier hopes. He had his snug quarters in the Invalides, his rations, his wine, and his *caporal*. He had his old comrades with whom he might chat over the old times, while a rising generation of soldiers was treading in his footsteps, perpetuating the glories of France in the Crimea and Lombardy, in China and Mexico, with more or less success. But collision with the powers of steam had knocked the coachman prematurely off the box which he had filled so long to the admiration of himself and the road. He only picked himself up to find that there was no place for him in a new world which had been revolutionized by scientific invention. His training—we give the word the meaning it bears in the vocabulary of the prize ring—

had unfitted him for anything else. When a man lived well and indulged in the strongest malt liquors more than freely, when he regarded foot exercise as a degradation, and seldom exerted himself further than to waddle out of the coachyard or into it, or sway himself up and down from his seat, no doubt he made himself a model coachman, and might command any remuneration in reason from coach-owners who had an eye to the artistic effect of their turn-outs. But on the unlucky day when his coach was run off the road he might as well have kept his seat on the box for any useful purpose he was likely to turn to if he came down. Younger and more active men, rising five-and-forty, we may say, might make the best of a bad bargain, and seek service with the new Companies; but as for our corpulent old conservative friend, even if he could have lowered his dignity to follow their example, the sacrifice would have been useless. Only conceive him puffing along the platform closing the doors of a train in motion, or parodying the agility of an acrobat in leaping into his flying van. Only two callings were open to him. He might keep a "pike" or a public-house, and for the one or the other he needed money or credit. If he could command neither of the two, there was nothing left for him but starvation or recourse to charity. In any case the downfall was a tremendous one, and was scarcely softened by the idea that all the brethren of the whip were in much the same evil plight. His profession was as much a thing of the past as that of the highwaymen, those earlier gentlemen of the road. As he trod the London pavements with his shabby driving coat a world too wide for his sadly diminishing corpulence, his steps would tend instinctively to the vicinity of the "White Horse Cellar."

For many weary years there was nothing to be seen there to aid an imagination that was never one of the lightest in reviving a picture of the past, unless on his way he chanced to refresh his recollections with a glance at the coaching prints in Mr. Fore's windows. But after a time the tough and venerable survivors of the guild must, to their surprise, have found things different. We can conceive the feelings with which the ancient gentleman must have been struck when he first saw the reappearance of what had once been so familiar to him. How he must have rubbed his failing eyes, fancying they had played him false, and doubted whether his morning draught, acting on an enfeebled constitution, had not played a practical joke with his associations! How he may have advanced, with his withered old heart throbbing like a young girl's, speculating as to whether the beatific vision before him might not vanish from his view! And how he must have reeled under the shock of his conflicting emotions when constrained to confess the coach to be a reality! There was really a coach in wood and metal, just as coaches used to be, only this one was brand new; the panels scarlet, picked out with gold; the name and destination inscribed in golden letters on the hind boot, beneath the spare splinter bars; the fiery-footed team, coquettishly harnessed and ribboned, fretting in their handsome cloths. There was the guard, correct in all the details of white hat, shaggy grey overcoat, and flushed face, balancing himself on the kerb of the pavement, affecting to busy himself with the way-bill. And last, but certainly not least, there stood the coachman gathering up the ribbons, a "tip-top swell," as he was forced to admit, and looking not unlike a workman, although scandalously young and shamefully slim. As we have said, his feelings at the first sight would naturally be of a mingled nature; pleasant surprise and secret undefined hope rising for the moment in the ascendant. Later, when his sluggish thoughts set themselves fairly in motion, the bitter must infallibly have predominated. Those "young swells" playing at coaching were triding with his most tender feelings, making a mockery of the earnest business of life. Yet thenceforward the old man's life would have an object, and in spite of his sounder judgment, he would again and again return to the spectacle which cost him far more pain than pleasure. Possibly, as he grew more senile, the hope which, as the poet assures us, will ever spring eternal in the human breast, began to freshen in him. For in succeeding summers it was no longer the solitary coach he saw there, and now in this year 1872, as in 1871, no less than three of them make their start from Piccadilly to the soul-stirring music of the horn. He may still be cherishing in his more sanguine moments the innocent faith that the reaction is fairly afoot, that the good old coaching days are destined to return, and that England will be merry England once again.

We need hardly say that we as little desire the consummation on which he sets his heart as we share his faith, if he has any. We grumble at railways, of course, and denounce with exceedingly good reason the way in which the Companies make free with the lives and comfort of their passengers. But, after all, although there is ample room for railway reform, even as railways are, we love them far too well to part with them. They try our temper sorely at times, it is true, but we know no better recipe for placidly bearing our load of railway troubles than thinking of the old coach days. Coaching had its pleasures no doubt. The coaching chapters in *Tom Brown's School Days* and in *Pickwick* are about the pleasantest reading we know anywhere. Our pulses still throb pleasantly to the joyous movement in some of those old coaching prints, where the blood team in the light Highflyer are doing their fifteen miles an hour on the level, or where His Majesty's mail has pulled up in a cloud of steam by the bright hostelry where dinner is awaiting the jovial passengers. But novels or prints show only the sunny side of the business. It is all very well for Mr. Hughes to write enthusiastically of that pleasure of endurance so dear to every Englishman, when poor young Tom loses

all sense of feeling in his feet while he shivers on the roof in his single greatcoat in the bitter morning; or for Dickens to warm to the music of the hoofs on the frost-bound road, when the Pickwickians are on their way to spend the Christmas Day with old Wardle. For ourselves, we should have regarded the purgatory we must have shared with Tom as being but indifferently compensated by the delightful coach breakfast that followed it, although that breakfast is one of the most agreeable bits of eating we know anywhere in literature. And we should be much more readily tempted by a mid-winter invitation to the Manor Farm now that we can go down first-class with foot-warmers to Rochester or Maidstone. We can conceive nothing we have nowadays so miserable as that through journey, in the depth of winter, between the English and the Scotch capitals. No amount of box-coats and wrappers could keep up the circulation through the biting night. Ten to one your legs were wedged fast among the cramped limbs of your companions, or possibly one of them was dangling over the side, and for any present sensation in it you might as well have dropped it. Inside matters were perhaps even worse. Who that has tried it can ever forget those thin, hard velvet cushions, the piles of straw that clung to your muddy boots, the straps over-head bulged down with hats and umbrellas, the side-pockets stuffed with bottles and bulky papers of viands, and the ill-fitting windows that rattled in their panes, the odour of food and spirits, and straw and leather, and damp horsehair. Then you had the stout lady who snored, and the baby who squalled, and the child that paid half-price and fidgeted between you and its parent. Above all, you knew that this slow suffering must be repeated on your return in all its stages. You felt nervously that there was no retreat for you, however acute the suffering might become, for it was a serious matter stopping half-way, under forfeit of your fare, and on the doubtful chance of getting forward later. English coaching was conducted on the principle of saving time, and sacrificing everything to speed, and if we had it back again perhaps we could scarcely improve on the system. Independently of time being money in England, most men like to shorten their misery even at the cost of sharpening its smart. But we paid the penalty in the shape of having to travel in the most cramped and comfortablest vehicles in the world. The lumbering diligence was bad enough, but it made pleasanter travelling than the English stage-coach.

If, however, we may congratulate ourselves that coaching is at an end in the way of business, we see no reason why it should not revive as an affair of pleasure. Nothing is more exhilarating than being swept swiftly and smoothly along by a well-matched team cleverly handled, so long as the drive is not prolonged till the first sense of exhilaration stales upon you. Nothing is pleasanter than the roof of a stage-coach when the weather is fine and the scenery pretty. You mount the hills and get the views, instead of vanishing beneath both in screams and stench. There are endless bits of road in England which are far too little known to the tourist, now that steam offers such facilities for hurrying away to distant show-places. There are districts in the home counties quite undulating enough to give zest to the driving, and whose features change sufficiently to please the lover of quiet nature with an endless variety of expression. The roads to Dorking and Tunbridge certainly lie through some lovely landscape. But to holiday seekers from the town, and genuine lovers of the country, the great objection to them is that for a great part of the way you are entangled in the streets and suburbs. We can understand that gentlemen whips like the excitement of piloting their horses through a crush of cabs and waggons, of cutting corners, and shoving costermongers' barrows. We dare say they do not dislike the *éclat* of a start from Piccadilly at high noon, and a triumphant progress through London thoroughfares. They drive primarily for their pleasure, and we have neither the right nor the wish to quarrel with their choice of road. But we may say that, if others think of imitating their example, we should be glad to see them show their public spirit by choosing more tempting, although more secluded, districts.

LAW OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.

WE enjoy the advantage of having a correspondent who lifts up his testimony unceasingly against all concessions in the direction of what are commonly called Women's Rights. The demand for these concessions is so vehement and persevering that it is a pleasant variety and perhaps a valuable assistance in discussion to hear something on the other side. If our correspondent speaks as forcibly as he writes, it would, we think, add spirit to a controversy which tends to become dreary if he could be invited to maintain at one of Miss Faithfull's *soirées* the affirmative of the thesis that the Married Woman's Property Act of 1870, besides complicating the law, is sapping the morality of the country. We had formed a tolerably clear opinion that this Act is likely to benefit barristers and attorney, but we had not perceived the injurious effect upon society at large which our correspondent ascribes to it. It gives to women, he says, the privileges of two conditions of life and the liabilities of neither, and it enhances the "iniquitous effects" of the "separate use system" for establishing which the Court of Chancery has hitherto been supposed to deserve credit. He believes that this system acts as a direct incentive to adultery on the part of the wife, and at the very least puts into her hands the means of injuring and insulting her husband, and lowering his position and authority in the eyes

of his children, his household, and society. She can always withhold any contribution she may have promised towards the expenses of the family, or keep a threat of so doing over the husband's head. "These evils, hitherto partial, will, now that the Bill has become law, be spread over the land." It will cause every husband to look upon his wife as his rival and enemy. Many a father has lamented the strict settlement of money upon a daughter on her marriage, "the most common cause of adultery on the part of the wife, as it is of domestic unhappiness." Our correspondent quotes the *Times* as authority for this statement, which we certainly should not accept upon his mere assertion. Speaking from our own experience, we should say that many fathers have lamented the omission of the precaution which he denounces. Admitting for the moment that a wife is the natural enemy of her husband, it is still probable that she may be friendly towards the children who are hers, and are commonly reputed to be her husband's, and a settlement secures to her some means of benefiting them. In so far as the Act of 1860 provides for all women something in the nature of a settlement, we should have thought that it was in intention laudable. We say nothing at this moment of the language which purports to give effect to that intention. In a recent case, still under consideration of a Court of law, the operation of this Act has been discussed, and we venture, under correction of our correspondent, to say that the largest construction which the Judges can put upon the Act would be the most beneficial to society. It is provided by the Act, that the wages and earnings of any married woman acquired by her in any employment in which she is engaged separately from her husband and also any money or property so acquired by her through the exercise of any literary, artistic, or scientific skill, and all investments thereof, shall be deemed to be property settled to her separate use. A wife who had been deserted by her husband maintained herself by acting at a theatre. She had saved money out of her salary, and had invested this money in furniture, which was seized under an execution against the husband. In this case the husband and wife lived apart, and therefore there should be no question that the wife was engaged in an employment "separately from her husband." But the protection of the Act, whatever be its extent, is probably given to every wife who has business or employment distinct from her husband. Thus, suppose that a wife is an actress at one theatre and a husband stage-manager at another theatre, the wife would appear to be entitled to protection. But suppose that wife and husband acted together at the same theatre, the wife's right might possibly be questioned. If the Act be ambiguous in reference to particular cases, it may be amended; but we apprehend that it means at least thus much—that a married woman should be by law throughout England in as good a position as by custom in the City of London she has always been; namely, that she might carry on business as if she were unmarried, and if her husband became bankrupt, his assignee would not be entitled to her stock in trade. Suppose that a husband happened to be from infirmity incapable of work, and that his wife undertook to maintain them both by keeping a boarding-house. The money necessary to purchase furniture being advanced by friends, they would be entitled to say that this furniture belonged to them as trustees for the wife, and never belonged to the husband at all. This they would be entitled to say under the general law. But suppose that the wife made profits by the boarding-house, and invested them in the purchase of additional furniture, she would be entitled to that furniture under the Act. This appears a reasonable construction, and we are unable to discover the mischief which our correspondent finds in the Act.

There is more to be said in support of another complaint which he brings forward, although no remedy is visibly attainable. "The Divorce Court," he says, "is another engine for the oppression of husbands." They have to bear the expenses of any complaint or defence that the wife or her advisers may set up. The foundation of the practice of the Court is that, as the husband is supposed to possess all the property, the wife ought to be enabled to bring her case to a hearing or to defend herself. There is a reported case in which a marriage was dissolved for adultery of the wife, and the husband had in the course of the suit either paid or secured 700*l.* for the wife's costs of defending herself against his suit. There were, the Court held, no mitigating circumstances in the case. The co-respondent was ordered to pay all the costs, and, as the report states, every attempt was made to get them from him, but without success. The husband had been compelled to pay money into Court out of which the wife's costs were paid, and the husband was recommended to obtain the amount from the adulterer if he could. Further, as the husband ventured to contest the right of the wife's proctor to be paid out of the money in Court, he had the satisfaction of paying the wife's additional costs caused by his disputing this point. It may interest our correspondent to hear that this practice, which he considers so oppressive, was derived from the Courts in which husbands and wives litigated before the Divorce Court was established. In his next pamphlet he will doubtless discourse eloquently upon the text which we are about to furnish. A wife instituted a suit for nullity of marriage which failed, and the husband had to pay her costs. When we consider the nature of this suit, there is a grim humour in the law which compels the husband to supply the wife with the means of bringing it.

The Act of 1860, as we have said, does something, but not, we think, nearly enough, towards providing by general law that which is done in particular cases by marriage settlement. The pamphlet

before us describes, in moving terms, the wrongs of husbands, but we should like to see a pamphlet exhibiting the miseries of trustees. It would be worthy of the ingenuity of Mr. Lowe to construct a scheme by which a Government office might perform for a consideration the duty of a trustee. Persons who assume this office must expect infinite botheration, scanty thanks, or perhaps liberal abuse, and in many cases liability which endures for years, and of which the extent is difficult to estimate. There are wives capable of regarding a trustee's refusal to lend the trust fund to the husband on his personal security as a proof of obstinate blindness to the virtues of the best of men. There are also a more numerous class of wives who expect the highest interest to be obtained upon the trust fund, while of course they look to the trustees to ensure the safety of the principal. Of late years the range of investments usually permitted by marriage settlements has been enlarged, but the power of trustees falls still far short of doing that which they are almost certain to be asked to do. A new annoyance has arisen from the creation of large amounts of colonial securities which are reasonably safe and pay good interest, but are particularly inconvenient for trustees to hold, because the entire evidence of title is a flimsy bit of paper being a bond payable to bearer. A trustee does not like to leave in the custody of a colleague documents which may be turned at any moment into money; and if a deposit is made in the joint names of the trustees at a bank, there is still liability to loss for which it would be difficult to make the banker responsible. This is the special consequence of holding a particular class of security which many settlements do not sanction for investment. But the troubles to which all trustees are subject deserve more commiseration than they have received. If they do the business of their trust themselves, they incur great labour and perhaps make serious mistakes; and if they employ solicitors to act for them, they are nearly certain to be abused for wasting the trust fund in law. As a general rule, whatever they do is in the opinion of those for whom they act wrong. If there is among their number a lawyer, they usually proceed upon his advice; which if he is honest is well, but if he is dishonest may turn out very ill indeed.

We think that some sort of official machinery for doing the work of trustees is in the abstract conceivable; but we are well aware that any innovation upon legal practice is almost impossible. Our pamphleteer represents the conveyancers of Lincoln's Inn as still contemplating with hopeless bewilderment the Married Woman's Property Act of 1870, which we regard notwithstanding the openings which it offers to litigation as a useful measure. Many of the criticisms printed in this pamphlet were directed, not against the Bill which was actually passed, but against a Bill wholly different, which was brought into the House of Commons. If the Bill had passed as originally introduced, the saying of Lord Westbury, "that a new terror had been added to matrimony," would have been appropriate.

RACING AT ASCOT.

THE racing on the Thursday and Friday of Ascot week was fully up to the standard of the greatest meeting of the year. For the St. James's Palace Stakes Queen's Messenger ran, giving 7 lbs. to Lord Gough, Struan, and King Lud, and achieved a very easy victory, though he finished awkwardly, and in all probability the distance was not far enough for his liking. This was King Lud's second defeat during the week, but he is still very far from being in racing condition, and it is quite possible that by September he may be the better of Lord Zetland's pair. *Apropos* of this race, it may be mentioned that Lord Gough and Struan were about the two highest-priced yearlings of the Middle Park sale of 1870, the former fetching 1,800 and the latter 1,500 guineas; but neither has hitherto won any of the numerous engagements for which they were entered. The All-aged Stakes brought out no less distinguished a trio than Prince Charlie, Sterling, and Wenlock, and the race was run at a tremendous pace. Prince Charlie again showed that his infirmity has had no effect in diminishing his speed over short courses, for he disposed of Wenlock, to whom he was conceding 9 lbs., without an effort, while Sterling showed decided signs of temper when called upon to finish. In addition, the course of training he has undergone of late for long races may have rendered him unfit for those shorter distances over which he was so invincible; so that in grasping at the shadow the substance has perhaps been lost, and in the vain endeavour to make Sterling a stayer his speed has been sacrificed. The New Stakes fell easily to Marie Stuart, a fine daughter of Scottish Chief and Morgan la Faye, whose principal opponents were Faraday, Templar (5 lbs. extra), Kaiser, and one of the high-priced colts of 1871, Cobham, bought at the Middle Park sale for 1,650 guineas. The usual fate of such expensive luxuries attended Cobham, who was beaten at the end of half a mile. Marie Stuart won so easily that Acropolis, who gave her weight at Epsom and beat her twice, must be about the best two-year-old that has been out this year.

The Cup, which we briefly noticed last week, was next on the list. There were only five runners, and the most notable absentee was Albert Victor. The field was made up by Favonius, Hannah, Henry, Shannon, and Almoner—the last being the solitary representative of the three-year-olds. Hannah's duty was

of course to make play for Favonius, and she discharged that duty for about two miles, Henry taking matters very leisurely, and not troubling himself to go within several lengths of the leader. At the turn into the straight Hannah was adroitly taken to one side to permit Favonius, who was waiting on her, to obtain the inside place. Henry, who was coming up at the same time, lost thereby a certain amount of ground, which, however, he soon made up in the straight. Directly he challenged Favonius Baron Rothschild's horse gave in, as completely settled as Sterling was on the first day, when Albert Victor ran up to his head. Henry then had only to go on to win, the actual distance between him and Favonius at the finish being a length and a half. Hannah was a bad third, and Shannon and Almoner were beaten off. Of course there were plenty of people immediately ready to pull to pieces the fallen idol, but it must be remembered that the only long races Favonius has ever won have been against such moderate antagonists as Manille, Ravenshoe, and Eole II., and that therefore his great staying abilities have been a good deal taken on trust. Shannon beat him fairly and squarely for the Goodwood Cup, and Henry, his victor on this occasion, has given abundant proof, both in England and France, of exceptional staying powers. His defeat in the Cambridgeshire last year goes for nothing, as he is quite unsuited, both in shape and make, to the course, and the race was pretty certain to be over before he could well get into his stride. He is one of the most powerful horses in training; awkward, heavy, and angular-looking, no doubt, as was also Gladiateur, and he has added fresh fame to his illustrious sire Monarque. He beat Don Carlos in a canter this spring over a three-mile course, and that in itself was far better evidence of staying powers than Favonius has ever shown. The Ninth New Biennial was left to Khedive and the Makeshift colt, the latter having a 7-lb. allowance, but he could never make sufficient use of his advantage in the weights to get out of the way of Lord Zetland's horse, who pulled over him the whole way up and won cleverly by a neck. The Makeshift colt ran very ungenerously, and bored against Khedive so much that the race would have been claimed by and adjudged to the latter in any case. At first sight this performance would seem to show that Queen's Messenger ought to have won the Derby, but, despite his disappointment at Tattenham Corner, we cannot think he would ever have beaten Cremorne over the Derby course. How the Makeshift colt ever got as close to Cremorne as he did is a much greater puzzle. Judged by his Ascot running he ought never to have been near the first three. Marie Stuart secured another victory in the Tenth New Biennial, Dean of Westminster being this time her solitary opponent, and the day's sport ended with the success of Goura in a Selling Plate, Sir Joseph Hawley's once formidable colours having been scarcely seen before during the meeting, owing to the epidemic which has once again struck down the majority of his horses.

For the Alexandra Plate there were seven runners. Mr. Payne started Hobart to make a pace for Musket; Baron Rothschild gave Favonius another chance—though it was hardly likely that a horse who could not stay two miles and a half, should, with additional weight on his back, stay three. Albert Victor, Don Carlos, Agility, and Barford made up the field. Hobart made the running, attended by Don Carlos, who appeared to overpower his jockey, for it was surely not true policy to attempt to win a three-mile race by racing away with the lead for a mile and three-quarters. Even after he had been once pulled back—about a mile from home—he broke away again and came round the last turn with a decided lead, followed by Musket, Albert Victor, and Favonius. Baron Rothschild's horse was beaten at about the same place as in the Cup race, and Musket was in difficulties almost about the same moment, but he answered every call made on him with unflinching gameness, and wearing down his other opponents at the finish won a well-deserved race by a length. Don Carlos, whose exertions in the earlier part of the race told on him at last, was beaten by Albert Victor for second place, and Favonius was a bad third. We are of course glad that this valuable race was not wrested from us, like the Cup, but fell to an English horse, and one also whose public performances render him well worthy of the prize. But at the same time, if Don Carlos could have been more carefully nursed, and so much use had not been made of him, we think he would certainly have been close up with the winner, even if he would not have actually won. The race was run just to suit Musket, but still it was by no means a cheap victory. He was severely punished, and could have done no more than he did. Henry was withdrawn from the race, or, judging from the position of Don Carlos, he would have had a good chance of carrying off the Plate as well as the Cup. People began to say after this race was over, that Albert Victor must have nearly won the Cup had he run for it, because he beat Favonius much further than Henry beat him. But we quite dissent from this, because Henry, we are satisfied, won the Cup with a great deal in hand, and might have got six lengths in front of Favonius had it been necessary. Also, of course, there were sundry regretful recollections of last year's Derby, and there were freely pronounced opinions that Albert Victor was the best horse of his year, and ought to have won the great Epsom race. From this again we dissent, for we have never been able to understand that because a horse wins over a three-mile course he ought therefore to beat, or to have beaten, the same antagonists over a course of a mile and a half. Granted that Albert Victor, who, by the way, never looked so well or so fit in his life as now, has grown into a better stayer than Favonius, it

by no means follows that he ever could, or ever will, beat Favonius over a mile or a mile and a half.

To win the Queen's Plate after losing the great prizes of the meeting was but poor consolation for Baron Rothschild, but at any rate Corisande disposed of Dutch Skater very easily, as might have been expected from the running of the pair in the Gold Vase; and then Khedive still further increased his reputation by beating a large field in the Ascot Plate, including Dalnacardoch, Highland Fling, Glaucus, and Turban, the running of Lord Zetland's horse throughout the week going far to strengthen the position of Queen's Messenger for the great autumn three-year-old race at Doncaster. Indeed, besides Lord Zetland's pair, Khedive and King Lud, it is difficult to find a dangerous opponent to Lord Falmouth's champion, unless it be Gladiolus, by Gladiateur out of Sunbeam, who last year, when only half trained, ran Queen's Messenger to a length for the Buckenham Stakes. His only subsequent appearance was in the Houghton Meeting, when he beat Alava easily; and this year he was prevented from taking part in the Derby by an accident which happened to him shortly before the day of the race.

The probable fate of Mr. Hughes's Betting Bill will hardly excite surprise or regret. That part of it which proposes to extend the operation of the Betting Houses Act to all parts of the United Kingdom is most deserving of acceptance; but to make all betting—in the sense of ready-money betting, we mean—at all times, and in all places, and under all circumstances, a criminal offence, is a purely Quixotic idea. Such offhand treatment of a difficult subject shows neither statesmanship nor knowledge of the world. Betting on horse-races can no more be prohibited than drinking intoxicating liquors; but it is quite possible to regulate the one as well as the other, and to check the evils which in either case may flow from indiscriminate license. A controlling and regulating, not a prohibitive, policy should be the mainspring of any measure attempting to deal with the acknowledged abuses of betting.

REVIEWS.

MARGARET DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.*

THE first period at which woman makes her appearance in our national literature is that of the Great Rebellion. Learned and accomplished as the group of ladies educated in the Court of Henry VIII. seem to have been, we possess no works from the pen of Anne Askew or Lady Jane Grey; no woman comes to the front as poetess or dramatist in the great Elizabethan outburst, or figures among the ranks of the theological controversialists of the reign of James. Female authorship in fact, however great the development which it seems destined to receive in our own day, dates only from the Memoirs of Mrs. Hutchinson, of Lady Fanshawe, and of the Duchess of Newcastle. We are the more indebted to Mr. Russell Smith for a reprint of two of the most characteristic works of the rather eccentric peeress who figures last on the list, from a belief that it needs only a wider acquaintance with her biographies to bring about some modification in the judgment which has been handed down to us from her contemporaries. The stately and pedantic maid-of-honour, who had passed from the Court in Merton Gardens to a life of exile with her lord, returned from Antwerp to find herself as much out of date as Clarendon himself. The wits scoffed at her pedantry, her interminable sentences, and the elaboration of a style which, like that of the great Chancellor, preserved the tone of an age which had past away. Even amongst the languor and tediousness of the Lives or the "Olio" we find something of the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," of Hooker or Milton. The writers of her own sex, the Mrs. Behns and Orindas of the Restoration, could find nothing but contempt for a woman who openly professed to "abhorre an unclean thought," and devoted folios to the adoration of her husband. Even now, when husband-worship has come into fashion again, we stare a little at such idolatry as that of the Duchess of Newcastle, at a wifely devotion which proclaims her lord irresistible, which paints the charms of his person, jots carefully down the very commonplace sentences which dropped from his lips as if they were the quintessence of wisdom, and takes us page after page into the stables to admire his dexterity in the *ménage*. In spite, however, of faults such as these, it is impossible to read the Duchess without a genuine admiration for her. Cumbrous as her style often is, it is just as often simple and unpretending, and by a rare chance it is as free from the false rhetoric of the days of Elizabeth as from the false wit of those of Charles II. In her actual story there is all the simple-heartedness, if there is some of the tediousness, of a child. She tells us about herself, her shyness, her chastity, her bursts of temper, her love of honour and truth, as if her reader were closeted with her for the most private of chats. She has none of the little jealousies of women; she looks on her lord's "conquests" as the most natural and becoming thing in the world; she worships her mother as she worships her husband; she looks with the same eye of undisguised admiration on brothers and brothers-in-law; even to hated Puritans,

who had turned her out of house and home, her allusions are of the most reserved and dignified order. There is something, too, exquisitely piquant in the very notion of the biography itself. It is surely the only extant instance of a husband's life written by a loving wife in her husband's lifetime. The Duke, indeed, if we are to credit his spouse, deserved some sort of literary return:—

Your Grace remembers well [says the Duchess, in her preface,] that those Books I put out first, to the judgment of this censorious Age, were accounted not to be written by a Woman, but that some body else had writ and publish'd them in my Name; by which your Lordship was moved to prefix an Epistle before one of them in my vindication, wherein you assure the world upon your honour, That what was written and printed in my name, was my own; and I have also made known, that your Lordship was my only Tutor, in declaring to me what you had found and observed by your own experience; for I being young when your Lordship married me, could not have much knowledge of the world; But it pleased God to command his Servant Nature to induce me with a Poetical and Philosophical Genius, even from my Birth; for I did write some Books in that kind, before I was twelve years of Age, which for want of good method and order, I would never divulge. But though the world would not believe that those Conceptions and Fancies which I writ, were my own, but transcended my capacity, yet they found fault, that they were defective for want of Learning; and on the other side, they said I had plucked Feathers out of the Universities; which was a very preposterous judgment.

His advice on the subject of his own biography was at any rate of a dignified order which tells well for himself, though it has told greatly against the interest of the book. He commanded its author "not to mention any thing or passage to the prejudice or disgrace of any family or particular person, although they might be of great truth, or would illustrate much the actions of your life." The command has been dutifully obeyed, but the life of the Duke still retains much that renders it of essential service to the historian of the Great Rebellion.

For the war in the North, indeed, the first book of this biography, which gives an account of the Earl's services as commander of the Royalist force in the North up to the defeat of Marston Moor, is of the highest value. The Duchess was as yet only a girl in the Queen's suite at Oxford, without a dream of her high destinies, and the information she gives is derived from John Rolleston, the Earl's secretary, and from the papers in her husband's possession. But from this she has drawn up a minute narrative of the campaign, which must be regarded as of primary authority on the Royalist side. William Cavendish, the hero of her biography, owed all his honours to the house of Stuart, and he repaid its bounty by an unquestioning devotion. He was grandson of Sir William Cavendish, a courtier and Privy Councillor of the Tudor sovereigns, who is memorable as the builder of Chatsworth, and whose house became enriched by a succession of wealthy marriages, the alliance with the heiress of the Ogles especially giving it large estates and influence in the North. Cavendish himself had been ennobled by James I. and raised to the earldom of Newcastle by his son. On the eve of the great struggle with the Parliament we find him retired into the country "with an intent to have continued there and rested under his own vine and managed his own estate," which gave him an income of some 22,000*l.* a year, or a sum which would now be equivalent to four or five times that value. There seems in fact to have been little expectation of an immediate struggle when the King's command appointed him governor of the four Northern counties of Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. The Earl found no military preparation made, "nor generally any great encouragement for the people in those parts more than what his own interest created in them." It was with a regiment and a troop of horse raised from among his own Northumbrian tenantry that he secured Newcastle-on-Tyne and the port of Tynemouth, "playing his weak part with much prudence," and gagging the preachers of the North by a commission with Dean Cosens at its head. The King, while withdrawing his troop of horse, sent him nothing save "a little barrel of ducatoons;" but a supply of arms from Denmark, including "regiment pieces and Danish clubs," enabled him to equip the larger force which the increasing violence of the struggle seemed to call for. A wider commission made him general of the forces for the country North of Trent and for the Eastern Counties, and in November 1642 he was ready to occupy York with an army of eight thousand foot, horse, and dragoons. The Duchess gives an interesting account of the campaign which followed, and which was principally directed against the West Riding, the only part of the county which seems to have been strong for the Parliamentary cause. The contest fairly began with the opening of 1643, when an engagement of horse on Seacroft Moor left Leeds and Wakefield at the Earl's mercy, and after detaching 7,000 men to reinforce the King's army in the South, he found himself strong enough to wrest from Fairfax a decisive victory at Atherton Moor, which left him undisputed master of Yorkshire, where only the fortress of Hull was held for the Parliament. His reduction of Lincolnshire had been planned as the prelude to a march southwards, which might have decided the fortunes of the war, but the activity of the Hull garrison recalled him at the critical moment to the North, and though Derbyshire was easily won for the King, the Earl had only just gone into winter quarters round his own house of Welbeck when he was called to meet the army of the Scots. From this moment success was at an end, and the fruits of a year of victory were lost in a few days. The Earl found himself hemmed in at York by the combined action of the Scots, the Hull garrison, and the forces of the Eastern counties, and when Rupert's advance at the end of a two months' siege had relieved

* *The Lives of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, and of his Wife, Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.* Written by the Thrice Noble and Illustrious Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. Edited, with a Preface and Occasional Notes, by Mark Antony Lower, M.A., &c. London: John Russell Smith. 1872.

the town, the Royalist cause was suddenly wrecked in the great overthrow of Marston Moor. The battle was in fact a surprise, and the Earl was quietly resting in his own coach when it began:—

Not long had My Lord been there, but he heard a great noise and thunder of shooting, which gave him notice of the Armies being engaged: Whereupon he immediately put on his Arms, and was no sooner got on Horseback but he beheld a dismal sight of the Horse of His Majesties right Wing, which out of a panic fear had left the Field, and run away with all the speed they could; and though my Lord made them stand once, yet they immediately betook themselves to their heels again, and killed even those of their own party that endeavoured to stop them; the Left Wing in the mean time, Commanded by those two Valiant Persons, the Lord Goring and Sir Charles Lucas, having the better of the Enemies Right Wing, which they beat back most valiantly three times, and made their General retreat, in so much that they sounded Victory.

In this Confusion my Lord (accompanied only with his Brother Sir Charles Cavendish, Major Scot, Capt. Mazine, and his Page) hastening to see in what posture his own Regiment was, met with a Troop of Gentlemen-Volunteers, who formerly had chosen him their Captain, notwithstanding he was General of an Army; to whom my Lord spake after this manner: *Gentlemen, said he, You have done me the Honour to chuse me your Captain, and now is the fittest time that I may do you service; wherefore if you'll follow me, I shall lead you on the best I can, and show you the way to your own Honour.* They being as glad of my Lord's Profer, as my Lord was of their Readiness, went on with the greatest Courage; and passing through Two Bodies of Foot, engaged with each other not at forty yards distance, received not the least hurt, although they fired quick upon each other; but marched towards a Scots Regiment of Foot, which they charged and routed; in which Encounter my Lord himself kill'd Three with his Pages half-laden Sword, for he had no other left him; and though all the Gentlemen in particular, offer'd him their Swords, yet my Lord refused to take a Sword of any of them.

His courage, however, was in vain; the Royalist army was dispersed, and Newcastle, half in humour at his own dismissal from the command, half desperate of any possibility of the renewal of the struggle, fled over sea.

We need not follow the Earl in the wanderings which form the rest of this biography; the one fact of any importance is that on joining the exiled Court at Paris he met and married his wife. There "it was my fortune to see him for the first time, I being then one of the maids of honour to Her Majesty; and after he stayed there some time he was pleased to take some particular notice of me, and express more than an ordinary affection for me; insomuch that he resolved to choose me for his second wife." Margaret Lucas was the sister of the well-known Sir Charles Lucas, whose death after the surrender of Colchester has left the only stain on Fairfax's memory, and the fortunes of her house had gone down in the same storm which had wrecked those of the Earl. Much of the earlier married life of the two spouses consisted in shifts to keep the wolf from the door, and at one time we find his steward telling my Lord,

That he was not able to provide a Dinner for him, for his Creditors were resolved to trust him no longer. My Lord being always a great master of his Passions, was, at least shew'd himself not in any manner troubled at it, but in a pleasant humour told me, that I must of necessity pawn my Cloaths to make so much Money as would procure a Dinner. I answer'd, That my Cloaths would be but of small value, and therefore desired my Waiting-Maid to pawn some small toys, which I had formerly given her, which she willingly did.

Expedients of this sort, however, were soon at an end, and we find the new Countess dancing attendance to very little purpose on the Committees of Sequestration in the hope of receiving some small part of her lord's wealth. It was during these two years' stay in England that she wrote her Poems and Philosophical Fancies; her "World's Olio" having been composed before this time. The little help she managed to procure enabled the Earl to "light on a house that belonged to the widow of a famous picture-drawer, Van Rubens, which he took," and to hold his creditors at bay till the news of the Restoration enabled him to return. Here is a true pathetic touch in the "mirth" of his voyage home and in his first sight of London smoke:—

My Lord (who was so transported with the joy of returning into his Native Country, that he regarded not the Vessel) having set Sail from Rotterdam, was so beramled, that he was six dayes and six nights upon the Water, during which time he pleased himself with mirth, and passed his time away as well as he could; Provisions he wanted not, having them in great store and plenty. At last being come so far that he was able to discern the smook of London, which he had not seen in a long time, he merrily was pleased to desire one that was near him to jogg and awake him out of his dream, for surely, said he, I have been sixteen years asleep, and am not thoroughly awake yet. My Lord lay that night at Greenwich, where his Supper seem'd more savoury to him than any meat he had hitherto tasted; and the noise of some scraping Fiddlers, he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he had heard.

The joy, however, was soon destined to be dashed with disappointment. Newcastle's services were acknowledged with a Duchy, but he found himself among the "old Loyalists" who got nothing but ingratitude and civil speeches from the restored monarch. The new Duke retired in dudgeon to Welbeck, and devoted the rest of his life to the restoration of his estates. His losses during and after the war are reckoned by his wife at almost a million—an enormous sum if it be multiplied as it must be to bring it up to the present value of money. He had left England, in fact, the wealthiest of English peers; he returned to find himself a poor and beggared man. It is in such a scene of desolation as one passage in this biography brings home to us—a scene which must have been common whenever an exiled noble returned to his house—that we must look for an explanation of the bitterly persecuting spirit displayed by the Royalist party after the Restoration:—

Of eight Parks, which my Lord had before the Wars, there was but one

left that was not quite destroyed, viz. Welbeck-Park of about four miles compass; for my Lord's Brother, Sir Charles Cavendish, who bought out the life of my Lord in that Lordship, saved most part of it from being cut down; and in Blou-Park there were some few Deer left: The rest of the Parks were totally defaced and destroyed, both Wood, Pales, and Deer; amongst which was also Clipston-Park of seven miles compass, wherein my Lord had taken much delight formerly, it being rich of Wood, and containing the greatest and tallest Timber-trees of all the Woods he had; in so much, that only the Pale-row was valued at 2000*l*. It was water'd by a pleasant River that runs through it, full of fish and Otters; was well stock'd with Deer, full of Hares, and had great store of Partridges, Poots, Pheasants, &c., besides all sorts of Water-fowl; so that this Park afforded all manner of sports, for Hunting, Hawking, Coursing, Fishing, &c., for which my Lord esteemed it very much: And although his Patience and Wisdom is such, that I never perceived him sad or discontented for his own Losses and Misfortunes, yet when he beheld the ruins of that Park, I observed him troubled, though he did little express it, only saying, he had been in hopes it would not have been so much defaced as he found it, there being not one Timber-tree in it left for shelter.

His one comfort in his seclusion and poverty must have been the ecstatic worship of his wife. "My Lord," she tells us, "may justly be compared to Titus by reason of his sweet, gentle, and obliging nature"; nor is his sweetness of nature his only merit. "I may justly call him the best Lyric and Dramatick poet of this age." That he was its greatest general and its wisest statesman, she was never weary of assuring both him and the world. Page after page at the close of his life are spent in the elaborate exhibition of the roll-call of admirable qualities which she gives us as his character—his fidelity, his fairness, his self-command, his civility, his clemency, his courage, his modesty, his generosity. "In short," the Duchess closes at last, fairly out of breath, "I know him not addicted to any manner of vice, except that he has been a great lover and admirer of the female sex, which, whether it be so great a crime as to condemn him for it, I'll leave to the judgment of young gallants and beautiful ladies." We might perhaps in the same way safely leave the Duchess's ecstasies to the compassionate verdict of young husbands and adoring wives.

MAURICE'S MORAL AND METAPHYSICAL PHILOSOPHY.*

IN the preface to the new edition of this work—the last production of the lamented author's prolific pen—Mr. Maurice makes his readers aware that he had not written on philosophy for "professional philosophers." "I did not expect," he says, "one professional philosopher would glance, or more than glance, at my manual." It takes but a slight acquaintance with its contents to convince us that this was not any profession of mock humility. The student, anxious to trace the numerous forms and phases of the philosophical problem historically, will derive no great help from the work before us. The more careful he is to note the precise character of the various systems of the great thinkers of ancient and modern times, the less likely will he be to gather profit from the manner in which these are presented here. If he desires to discover the genetic connexion of these systems, and how one inquirer has developed further, though under widely different forms, the identical problems dealt with by his predecessors, he will feel inclined to close the book in despair. If he wishes, at an earlier stage of philosophical study, to gain clear ideas of the leading principles of the metaphysical systems of other ages, he need scarcely resort to Mr. Maurice. And least of all can we promise that the author will be found a serviceable guide to those who expect from a manual practical assistance in enabling them to prepare for examinations in moral and metaphysical science. The work is suitable neither for the scientific speculator, the tiro in philosophical research, nor the professional student eager to study philosophy for a special purpose. As a history of philosophy, it is chargeable with very serious defects. Mr. Maurice's style is, for one thing, of so shadowy and indefinite a character that even the clearest conceptions loom vast and dark while he handles them. This characteristic is not more palpable in the History than it is in his other works; perhaps on the whole it is less so. Still the necessity imposed on a reader of always trying to translate Maurice into his own, or a more intelligible, dialect is manifestly present. When it is further explained that the author professes to have, and evidently really has, a strong aversion to systems and systematic thought, and is consequently fond of lecturing men about the obligation incumbent upon them to rise above systems, and to regard all particular opinions about thought and its objects as so many prison-houses from which "gracious influences" are required to deliver them, his inability to treat the history of philosophy in the ordinary way must be sufficiently plain. This, however, is not all—it is hardly even the worst. The reader begins to perceive very soon that he is in the hands of a guide who, while continually reminding him of the evils and dangers of systems of thought, and of the still greater perils of seeking a reconciliation of inconsistent systems through any kind of philosophical eclecticism, is at the same time toning down and refining away the dividing lines that separate one opinion from another or one theory from its seeming opposite. There is a resolute determination to find points of contact between contraries, if not contradictions. There is a prominent and unmistakable tendency to proclaim that there has been a soul of good in all things evil. And it must be admitted that the author is entirely impartial. He

* *Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy.* By Frederick Denison Maurice, Professor of Casuistry and Modern Philosophy in the University of Cambridge. New Edition, with Preface. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

discovers virtues and seeds of beneficent blessing in the theories and systems that are most hostile to what he leads us to believe are his own opinions. He seeks to show that what men have been wont to regard as most pernicious in Spinoza, Hume, or Hobbes, is precisely what was destined to be most fruitful in good results. We are consequently breathing an atmosphere of catholic eclecticism. We watch the figures that are made to pass in rapid review before our astonished vision, and are surprised to see them running into each other like a series of dissolving views. We wonder greatly at the strange phantasmagoria, and a strong head and healthy nerves are needed in order to allow us to carry away clear and distinct impressions of anything we have beheld.

It is unnecessary to show how a faculty capable of producing such intellectual results cannot be confided in as capable of giving a thoroughly trustworthy and useful history of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy. The plan of the work is still more fitted to confuse. The small early manual of which these two large volumes are the expansion was, to our view, much more acceptable as a history, or a manual of a history, than these. The author has allowed himself to be often tempted into over-diffuseness. The extent of the ground over which he takes us, from the beginnings of thinking in Hebrew philosophy down through the philosophies of Egypt, Persia, Chaldea, China, Greece, and Rome, onward through the early Christian centuries to the mediæval ages, and thence to the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, with a glimpse into the nineteenth, is so enormous that only the most rigid compression could have succeeded in presenting a tolerably full and clear outline. But without apparent reason Mr. Maurice devotes lengthy analyses, not to the systems or leading thoughts, but to the individual books of certain authors, some of them sufficiently small, while he includes many writers to whom he devotes large portions of his space, whom it is difficult to regard as philosophers in any strict sense of the term. When we come near our own time our guide forsakes us utterly. A history of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy without ample elucidations of the thinkers and systems of the great modern epoch from Kant to Hegel must be declared to be like the play of *Hamlet* with the part of *Hamlet* omitted. Yet this is what we have. After the devotion of not a little space to Clarendon, Milton, South, and Bossuet in the seventeenth century, and to Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke and Pope, and Montesquieu in the eighteenth, we have the whole of German philosophy from Lessing to our own day dismissed in some fifty pages. And when we test the author closely in regard to individual thinkers, we too often find his somewhat misty and mystic utterances misleading. The whole treatment of Spinoza is an example of this. It really gives us no insight into the actual individuality and characteristic thought of the great Pantheist, but presents a picture that is wholly unlike the original. Take, as another example, the treatment of Schelling. It must be plain to all who know the later writings of that philosopher that Mr. Maurice was ignorant of the final results reached by him, and we cannot help doubting whether he knew even Schelling's earlier writings. But the whole handling of the later Germans (with only the partial exception of Kant) is of the same misleading character. It seems as if Mr. Maurice had been content to derive his knowledge of them from the outlines of other historians, and had read into these his own impressions of what they were likely to have been. There is abundant material in the course of the development of speculative thought for even a larger history than the one before us; but when a writer mixes up with his subject proper all sorts of other matter, social, political, literary, &c., we cannot wonder if the result should be confusing. In default of a minute acquaintance at first hand with the works of philosophers ancient and modern, Mr. Maurice has depended largely upon other historians, very much we should say upon Ritter. Those who know the more recent histories of philosophy, such as Zeller's, or Kuno Fischer's, or even the very much slighter sketches of Schwegler or Chalybeus—or, to mention English writers, Mr. Lewes's history, or the more rhetorical work of Morell—will hardly feel that Mr. Maurice has made any great contribution to the philosophical literature of the day.

Yet while we believe all this may be fairly said in reference to the work before us, it would be altogether unfair to conclude that therefore it is of little worth. On the contrary, it seems to us a book of significance and mark. In judging of it we ought in justice to take into account what were the avowed purposes of the author in writing it. These he has explicitly stated many times, and even had he been silent it would have been impossible not to discern them. First of all, it is necessary to bear in mind that the book is the work of a theologian much more than of a philosopher. In the preface to the edition of 1862 the author remarked:—"It will be evident to the reader of any part of these volumes that I have felt as a theologian, thought as a theologian, written as a theologian; that all other subjects in my mind are connected with theology and subordinate to it." By theology, using the term "in its old sense," he meant "that which concerns the Being and Nature of God," and "the revelation of God to men." This circumstance must materially modify our view of the book. And we soon find further indications of the author's designs which must affect our opinion of his work still more. In dealing, in the first volume, with Greek philosophy and the place of Zeno in connexion therewith, Mr. Maurice observes:—"In so very rapid a sketch as ours it is clearly impossible to do more than notice what seems to be the living and central peculiarity of each thinker as he arises up before us." He does not wish, he says, to furnish his readers with a history, but rather to put them "in a

right method of procuring one for themselves." But it is not enough to state or suggest merely the leading characteristics of the thinkers dealt with. He is ever seeking to connect these with the circumstances and movements of the times in which they lived. Philosophy is regarded as of practical interest, and as only valuable in that aspect. Metaphysical questions lie all around us, and are closely associated with the most ordinary thoughts and actions of men. Hence Mr. Maurice tells us in the second volume, dealing with Locke, that his object throughout "has been to show how the great social movements of the world have affected, have been affected by, the studies of the closet." What remains merely as thought, without translating itself into action, has little or no attraction for Mr. Maurice. His great aim is to let men see how near to them, how unavoidable by them, and how powerful in their influences upon the movements and ongoings of common life, are those thoughts that are stirred in us when we contemplate our nature and destiny. The systems of philosophers, as giving distinct form to the dimmer impulses and efforts of the multitude, are thus in a sense the property of all. But if we come to isolate them, and look upon them only as systems of thought without reference to the realities towards which all thought ought to guide us, these systems become mere *eidola* which are pernicious instead of beneficial. Consequently Mr. Maurice does not wish to look at doctrines and systems "in the lump," but prefers to "trace the gradual accretions in the mind of each particular thinker." It is characteristic of Mr. Maurice to be always repeating, under more or less diversity of form, what he considers the same ground truths. Open any one of his numerous works where we will, we shall be sure to hear something about the real order that exists independently of the creations of thought. He is ever proclaiming that thought is only useful as it enables us to be receptive of what is external to and independent of us. Viewing all things in the light of theology, he sees God's Nature as the eternal fact which is continuously revealing itself to man through his thoughts, instincts, and feelings, and reproducing images or reflections of itself in the institutions of human life which show forth the order that is in the Divine. All life and history, therefore, all the movements of men and nations, their social and political institutions, the phenomena of progress and culture, and the systems and thoughts of philosophers, as well as the deeds of men of action, are regarded as the revelation, or as revelations, of the Divine Being who is at the root of all, and through all, and in all. Mr. Maurice, with reverent but fearless footsteps, enters the temple of history, that he may interpret its revelations to us; and only as the history of moral and metaphysical philosophy can be seen to be such a revelation, and, as such, also an education of the human race, or as contributing towards such an education, does he greatly value it. Hence it is that we find him so often in this history occupied with facts and movements which do not at first sight appear to have any connexion whatever either with moral or metaphysical philosophy. One great peril always before him is the danger of divorcing thought from life, of coming to regard all things as mere thoughts. This was the temptation to which many of the schoolmen yielded. John Duns Scotus is represented as "dancing on his tight-rope, and looking upon all thoughts as things," from whence to converting all things into mere thoughts was but a step. We can only avoid such risks, we are told, by holding fast to our faith in that which is independent of ourselves, as an order outside of us testifying to the Person who is constantly revealing Himself to us both from within and from without.

While we cannot hope within our limits to make altogether plain the position and point of view of Mr. Maurice, what we have said is perhaps enough to indicate his general point of view. And it will be easily gathered that, while this History is not to be highly valued as a work on philosophy in its strictest sense, it is likely to be found very serviceable in enabling the student to understand Maurice himself, so far as any views of other men's theories will enable one to do that. In a sense the book is a history of the times with which it deals, and of the influences of systems of thought and philosophy upon them. We might almost call it a philosophy of the times; or, in a loose sense, a philosophy of history, rather than a history of philosophy. This arises from Mr. Maurice's peculiar view as to the close connexion between thought and action. He speaks of "the thin and almost imaginary line which separates the popular thought and action from the scholastic." And assuredly he exemplifies this in his own case, because the line becomes sometimes so thin that it is invisible, and no distinction whatever is to be observed. What tends to render Mr. Maurice's sketches of opinion still more shadowy is the interrogative and suggestive form in which he puts what he has to say. He almost shrinks from distinct propositions—a peculiarity which renders him incapable of faithfully interpreting thinkers like Aristotle, Spinoza, Descartes, or even Leibnitz. At least a reader feels that he is always liable to get a good deal of Maurice along with a comparatively small proportion of the thinker whose views he is expounding. Nevertheless, with, and partly because of, the defects we have noted, this History is a thoroughly individual and original work. The thoughtful and cultivated student who already knows the history of philosophy will find it full of instruction as well as of suggestiveness. But we cannot recommend it to those who are only beginning to think and to read on philosophical topics.

HUTCHINSON'S CRACOW AND THE CARPATHIANS.*

CAPTAIN HUTCHINSON belongs to a very deserving class of men. We do not speak of the Royal Artillery, in which he holds a commission, nor of the Geological Society, of which he is Fellow, nor even of the genuine believers in Protestantism, amongst whom, judging by his industry in scattering copies of the Bible in remote districts, he must be reckoned. We regard him at present exclusively from a humbler point of view as a pioneer of the great army of tourists. As such he lately called the attention of his fellow-travellers to a new district in a little book called *Try Lapland*, and he now invites us with equal confidence to try Cracow and the Carpathians. There is, as we need not pause to demonstrate, a great want of new fields for the tourist of moderate ambition, who regards the sources of the Nile as beyond his legitimate tether, whilst he is a little tired of the beaten tracks followed by Mr. Cook's disciples. Tourists, in particular, who have a turn for mountain scenery, and withal too great an appetite for novelty to content themselves with the Alps and the Pyrenees, have frequently cast glances towards a black parallelogram which ornaments the Eastern region of the map of Europe. There, to all appearance, stretches a vast mountain range still almost untrodden, and forming a kind of remote outwork to the Austrian Empire. In different parts of the range it forms the boundary of the Danubian Principalities and of Poland; and the pleasure of mixing with a strange population may be added to the pleasure of seeing a new landscape. English travellers are still few and far between in those parts. The Eastern Carpathians are well described in the late Mr. Boner's book upon Transylvania, and some members of the Alpine Club have more recently reported upon their merits from a purely mountaineering point of view. But of the Northern Carpathians which form the boundary between Poland and Hungary we do not remember to have seen any more recent account in English than that of Mr. Paget. At any rate the ground was sufficiently new to justify Captain Hutchinson in forming himself into a commission of inquiry for the benefit of his fellow-tourists; and that it has some decided merits is obvious from a brief inspection of its geography. Railways from Vienna or Berlin will in a few months take the traveller to a place not more than five or six miles from Bach Schmeks, which is the Chamouni or Grindelwald of the district. At Schmeks there appears to be a cheap and comfortable inn, much frequented by the Hungarians, who are at present always disposed to be friendly to Englishmen—not, we will hope, because their opportunities of making our acquaintance are so limited. It is close to the principal mountains of the district, the highest of which, we regret to say, only reaches the height of 8,722 feet; and apparently it would be easy, taking Schmeks for a centre, to visit everything that is at all remarkable in the country. Here, then, are very considerable inducements: a district still unhackneyed; tolerable accommodation; an approach as easy as the approach to Zermatt; and a fine wild country, with an interesting population. Persons about to arrange a summer tour may do worse than give a thought to the Carpathians. Besides enjoying themselves, they may, if they are so inclined, indulge in any number of political discussions with the Magyars, and set up on their return for authorities on the Eastern question and the designs of Russia. Captain Hutchinson is content without plunging into such profound topics. He gives merely such a sketch of his trip as may gently whet the appetite of others; and, to say the truth, he has found it necessary to eke out his rather slender information about the country by treating us to some descriptions of Berlin and Prague, and short biographies of Sobieski and Kosciuszko, which savour a little too much of the guidebook. Indeed, he seems to have allowed himself rather a brief time for doing the country, especially when we make the proper deductions for a good many hours spent in fishing. That sport has many merits, but it is apt to keep a man's eyes riveted a little too closely to particular aspects of nature.

Such, however, being the book, let us endeavour to draw from it as clear a catalogue as may be of the inducements to visit the country, and the reasons for abstaining. To the facility of access already noticed we must of course add that the country is beautiful. That is an epithet which people now feel themselves bound to apply to every district which reaches a certain average elevation above the sea. Captain Hutchinson indeed goes further, and ventures some sort of comparison between the forests and meadows of the Carpathians and the bleak rocks and snows of Switzerland. There, having the fear of the Alpine Club before our eyes, we must decline to follow him; and, to say the truth, we suspect the country of a certain tameness. It is true, indeed, that in his ascent of the Lomner Spitzel, Captain Hutchinson speaks of serious difficulties, and that his guide related for his comfort a story of a rash youth who, having refused to take a guide, had fallen over a precipice 150 feet high, and been smashed to pieces. That is creditable to the mountain as far as it goes; but after all a man may be killed on Scawfell or Snowdon; and we incline to the opinion that the scenery is pitched altogether in a lower key than that of the Pyrenees or any district worthy to be called mountainous rather than hilly. However, all persons are not equally exacting in their views, and some are even lax enough to hold that the ridges of a monstrous down may be as beautiful as the spires of the Dolomites or the Aiguilles of Chamouni. Next in order to the charms of scenery,

we may observe that there are in the Carpathians a variety of animals to be killed. There are fish in the streams and lakes; and there are bears, wolves, and deer in the mountains. The fish, it is true, are not very heavy, but they are abundant, and anybody may kill them who pleases. Moreover, they are at present of an unsophisticated disposition. A foreign sportsman was discovered performing an operation which he was pleased to describe as fly-fishing. He had tied two large artificial flies together, fastened them to a large piece of lead, and, having sunk them in the stream, was waiting until some misguided trout should swallow the tempting bait. Where fish have acquired no more sagacity than is necessary to defeat such simple-minded attempts upon their happiness, it is no wonder that they should be confiding and easily beguiled. Captain Hutchinson took advantage of their innocence, and his early followers may perhaps count upon a similar success. The bears and wolves are probably more sagacious, as they have been the objects of a more serious warfare; and the chances are that anybody who proposes to bring home a skin may find that a good many days of labour will be rewarded by the distant sight of the said skin disappearing in the distance under the command of its legitimate proprietor. However, it is not given to everybody in these degenerate days even to see a real bear outside of the Zoological Gardens, and though a few specimens are still wandering about the Eastern Alps, the Carpathians are probably the most accessible spot to which the sportsman can proceed with a fair prospect of his labour being not entirely wasted. Finally, we may reckon among the claims of the Carpathians the pleasure which a few persons may find in investigating the geology of a comparatively little known district, which is rich in some kinds of minerals.

Here we stop, because it must be doubtful on which side of the account the next item should be placed. The population, as we have said, is in many respects interesting to the intelligent inquirer. There may be found Jews flourishing abundantly like their ancestors in old days, in spite of the general hatred of the surrounding population. They are despised, and forced to wear a characteristic dress, but their talents for industry enable them to monopolize the commerce of the country, whilst their general ability is strikingly illustrated by the fact that they do most of the journalizing of the country. Here, too, is the headquarters of the Gipsy race, who find a congenial abode in the vast stretches of uncultivated territory; and here are the curious German colonies which were introduced during the middle ages to fill up gaps in the population, and who preserve many of the early characteristics of their forefathers, besides showing a true German aptitude for education. Then there are the Slavs, whom Captain Hutchinson regards as stupid, semi-barbarous, but hardfisted, besides the Poles and Magyars. There are Greek, Catholic, and Protestant churches; and, in short, the ethnologist and the politician may find interesting material for observation. On the other hand, the population, though scientifically interesting, is apt to be socially disagreeable. It is not indeed otherwise than friendly, but it has the practical disadvantage—to which tourists are apt to be specially sensitive—of being unmistakably dirty. The philosophy of washing is not yet understood in those remote districts. Long, lean, and hungry fleas swarm in every out of the way inn, and rejoice greatly at the scent of fresh British blood. The means of communication are naturally defective. Rough springless carts threaten at every jolt to upset the whole internal organization of the tourist. Roads are mere incoherent tracks. As a general rule, the bridges have been swept away by floods; and it is not at all uncommon for people to be drowned in the attempt to cross the streams by the fords which are the only substitutes. Captain Hutchinson indeed was accompanied by his wife, and we must therefore admit that, in spite of dirt and discomfort, it is possible for an English lady to encounter the hardships of Carpathian travelling. That she has accomplished this feat is highly creditable to Mrs. Hutchinson, and we desire to express our respect for her courage and good temper. Yet we fear that she is likely for some time to come to find more admirers than imitators.

When, in short, Captain Hutchinson advises us to try the Carpathians, we have no objection to any of our friends making the experiment, but it should certainly be made with the full consciousness that it is by no means so pleasant or easy a task as taking a trip to Switzerland or Norway, or any of the more recognized centres of travel. Ultimately, as roads and railways advance it may become popular. Till then it must be confined to the adventurers, who find in the charm of comparative novelty a sufficient recompense for dirt, fleas, bad beds, jolting carriages, questionable food, uncomfortable inns, an ignorant and inarticulate population, and a general absence of the conveniences of civilized life. There are many such people, however, and some of them are ladies; so we will hope that Captain Hutchinson's experiment may bear fruit, and at any rate we may admit that he has written a pleasant little book, proving that two English people at least can deviate with pleasure from the beaten round of the domestic tourist.

WINE.*

WHAT to drink would appear to be becoming one of the great questions of the day. Beer is still the national beverage of England, and is gradually supplanting cider in the Southern

* *A Treatise on the Origin, Nature, and Varieties of Wine; being a complete Manual of Viticulture and Oenology.* By J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D., and August Dupré, Ph.D., Lecturer on Chemistry at Westminster Hospital. London: Macmillan & Co.

* *Try Cracow and the Carpathians.* By Captain Hutchinson. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

counties and whisky in Ireland and Scotland. But pure beer can hardly be obtained except at a high price and in cask, and the ordinary beer of the public-house is at once nasty and deleterious. The teetotallers, who are anxious to suppress the sale and consumption of all intoxicating liquors, have just been thrown on the defensive by medical attacks on their favourite beverages. The inhabitants of the metropolis are warned that the water supplied for their use is only a saturated solution of sewage matter, teeming with lively organisms; and more recently tea has been denounced as a drink which depresses rather than cheers, and produces results a great deal worse than inebriation. It is asserted that a deterioration of health among the working classes and a lowered vitality in the rising generation may be distinctly traced to the use of tea. In a debate in the House of Commons an advocate of the abolition of the Malt-tax has attributed the frequent baldness of our young men to the same cause. To recommend milk to the working classes is pretty much like proposing pie-crust as a substitute for bread at famine prices. The reduction of the wine duties has made wine popular with the middle classes, but it is beginning to be understood that the cheap light wines which were to regenerate the nation are often by no means light in the sense of purity and wholesomeness, and that their cheapness is too frequently of the kind which is proverbially associated with and accounted for by nastiness. It is impossible to doubt that the increased demand for wine has in the first instance produced an injurious effect on the character of the wines which are sent into the market. The supply of pure wine is not equal to the demand; and the keen competition of the trade and the general ignorance of consumers offer a strong temptation to provide quantity at the expense of quality. The ordinary dealers as well as the public have been overwhelmed by the number and variety of wines now brought into the market. As long as port and sherry were the staple articles of commerce the dealers had certain well-known conventional tastes to guide them; the public knew what it wanted, and, on the whole, probably got what it wanted. But since claret has come into general use, and especially since it has come to be understood that claret is a name of unknown derivation for an immense variety of wines of the most different characters, the public and the dealers are equally at sea. The popular taste for wine is in a transition state, and it is natural perhaps that a good deal of confusion and disappointment should be the result. Most people would be very much indebted to any one who would enlighten them on this subject, who would explain the qualities which render wine wholesome or unwholesome, the causes of these qualities, and the considerations which should be kept in view in the choice of wines for ordinary use. It cannot be said that the literature of oenology is scanty. It is calculated that it embraces some six hundred works, and of these Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Dupré, who have just added another to the series, profess to have read two hundred; but we cannot say that their handsome and imposing volume gives us what we want. We doubt whether it will be found sufficiently precise and comprehensive in all respects for the practical wine-grower or manufacturer, and it is certainly too scientific, or rather too technical—an important distinction—for the ordinary reader, who, after a few pages of dibromosuccinic acids, monobromomalates, basic radicals, and the rest of it, will probably find his head begin to spin. Strictly speaking, it seems to us to be a work on the chemical analysis of French wines. The greater part of the volume is devoted to this subject, and the chapters on other wines are scanty and superficial. The authors have collected a great deal of valuable information by personal visits to the vineyards, and by elaborate experiments with regard to the wines of France; and it would have been well if they had confined themselves to a branch of the subject on which they are entitled to speak with some authority. Their observations on Greek, Hungarian, and other wines appear to have been got up at second hand, and to be in some respects prejudiced and inaccurate. The general reader will find all he wants set forth in a more intelligible form in Dr. Druitt's interesting book on cheap wines.

What strikes one most strongly in reading Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Dupré's Treatise, or indeed any other work on the production of wine, is the relentless and almost universal conspiracy against the pure natural juice of the grape into which wine-growers and manufacturers appear to have entered. It is well known that port and sherry are more or less artificial concoctions, the better sorts of which really have genuine port or sherry as an element in their composition; but large quantities of liquor are sold under these names in which there is not a drop of the genuine wine. The chief business of the Roussillon vineyards is to supply a wine which is exported into Portugal, to be there doctored into so-called port, and it need hardly be said that the ceremony of a visit to Portugal is not unfrequently omitted. There are also white French wines which are similarly used to a large extent in the manufacture of sherry. There is, of course, such a thing as pure champagne, but it is seldom to be met with, and the ordinary champagne of commerce is notoriously an artificial production. The manufacture of champagne in the region which goes by that name is stated to have increased from five millions of bottles in 1834 to between twenty-five and thirty millions at the present day. But real champagne is grown only in the prefectures of Rheims and Epernay, within a comparatively narrow area; and although it is known that the war must in various ways have seriously interfered with the cultivation of the vineyards, it does not seem to have caused any falling off in the yield of wine. Both Bordeaux and Burgundy wines are also assuming more of an arti-

ficial character. Hermitage is now produced chiefly for the purpose of mixing with the colder growths of the Gironde; and Châteauneuf-du-Pape and the Beaujolais wines are almost exclusively used as materials for being mixed and doctored into Burgundy. The wines which are chiefly drunk in France are the *vins du Midi*—cheap natural wines which, though sometimes rather sharp and rough, are a sound, wholesome, genial drink, and mix well with water. But Frenchmen now complain that they can no longer obtain these wines in their natural form, and that they are adulterated in the making in order that they may be mixed up with other wines and passed off at a higher price under some famous name. The doctoring of the common wines with brandy is openly practised on the quays of Bordeaux; and sugar and brandy would seem to be the chief constituents of Burgundy. Dr. Thudichum and Dr. Dupré say that they have seen as much as twenty pounds of sugar to the "piece" added to Bordeaux, and they attribute to this addition much of the fierceness and alcoholicity of this kind of wine, and its injurious effects on those who drink it. A curious instance of the tendency of natural wines to get supplanted by imitations is afforded by the decline of the Muscat wines. It has been discovered that there is a close resemblance between the flavour of Muscat and the flavour of tincture of elder-flower; and a drink is made out of the latter, with the aid of alcohol, sugar, and a little tartaric acid, which is asserted to be in many cases superior in flavour, and "certainly in purity," add our authors, to the true Muscat of Lunel. Hence Muscat has lost its standing. It is with this elder-flower extract that the sparkling Moselle wines are flavoured. It goes by the name of "Essence of Muscatel," but not a grape of muscatel is grown on the Moselle or anywhere in that region, fit for wine-making; nor has Moselle wine naturally the slightest muscatel flavour. It is satisfactory to know that elder-flower juice is not prejudicial to health. It has, we are assured, "from time immemorial been used to make a high-flavoured tea for the treatment of slight indispositions."

It appears to be becoming continually more difficult to get anything like the pure juice of the grape in its best natural condition. From first to last the grape is sacrificed to the conditions of artificial manufacture. For wine-making grapes are at their best when fully ripe; but then colour has to be considered; and the colour required by the trade for red wines, as well as the pale hue deemed essential to champagne, can only be obtained from immature grapes. Hence the highest quality of wine is sacrificed for the sake of a conventional dye. In order to protect wine from the effects of careless and hasty manufacture, it has to be "fortified." Sugar has then to be added in order to conceal the brandy. But sugared wine turns acid on the stomach, and people who have suffered in this way, being ignorant of the real cause of their uneasiness, are shy of wine in which they detect an acid flavour. "Plastering," which is the addition of lime either to the crushed grapes or to the fermenting liquor, is therefore resorted to in order to check acidity. Its effect is to remove the natural acids, which are not only harmless but wholesome, and to reinforce the real offender, sugar, with sulphates of a highly purgative character. It is said that one lie breeds another; and it would appear that the first step in adulteration inevitably entails a progressive series of deleterious processes. One of the most startling passages in Dr. Thudichum's and Dr. Dupré's Treatise is the account they give of what are called "Sugar Infusion Wines." The manufacture of wine is now conducted on such highly scientific principles that grapes are gradually being dispensed with. According to Petiot's process, 60 hectolitres of juice can be converted into 285 hectolitres of so-called wine, by adding a sufficient quantity of sugar and water to make up the difference and squeezing the husks of the grapes five times over. In their chemical enthusiasm Drs. Thudichum and Dupré are so enchanted with the ingenuity of this remarkable decoction that they declare it to be not only equal, but superior, to real wine. There is no accounting for tastes, and if people prefer "sugar infusions" to wine they are at liberty to please themselves; but it is surely going rather too far to call them wine.

It is perhaps just as well that the science of factitious wine-making should have reached this advanced stage. When the manufacturers of sham wines shall have finally abandoned the use of the grape, as a weak superstition of primitive times, the owners of vineyards will perhaps begin to reflect that they had better take their stand on the wholesome purity of the natural juice. The authors of this Treatise justly observe, though from their praise of sugar infusions it may be doubted whether they appreciate the full force of the observation, that the more the produce of a distinct variety of wine becomes obscured by mixing, or sweetening, or brandying, the easier it is to imitate it. Hitherto the wine-growers have been playing into the hands of their most dangerous rivals. It is impossible to imitate successfully the best juice of the grape; but the more the juice is mixed and doctored, the less important it becomes as an ingredient, and the easier it is to do without it. It is also consoling to reflect that, though there is at present a great run on particular districts which cannot possibly meet the demands made upon them, and which are in fact ceasing to supply the genuine wines which made them famous, the vine is cultivated over a vast area, and that there is no lack of pure grape-juice in the world to be had for the asking. From this point of view a map which is printed in the volume before us, showing the limits of the cultivation of the vine in the Northern hemisphere, is highly encouraging. The Northern limit, beginning north of the Azores—keeps to the south of England without touching our shores, enters

France at Vannes in Brittany, touches Mazières, and goes on past Alençon and Beauvais. Then trending northward it runs through Rhenish Prussia to the north of Saxony, crosses the Carpathians, traverses Southern Russia almost in a straight line to the upper end of the Caspian Sea, and so on to the Amoor and the Pacific. The Southern line starts near the Equator in the Atlantic Ocean, enters Africa at about the 30th degree of Northern latitude, and quits it about the middle of the Isthmus of Suez, crosses Arabia and the Persian Sea, and entering India, forms a loop which embraces the whole interior of the country, excluding all the seaboard, and again passing to the North, traverses China to the 27th degree of Northern latitude. These are the limits of what may be called the culture of the grape; but vines grow both north and south of the limits we have described, only those in the north do not ripen save under exceptional circumstances, while in the south the vine, becoming an evergreen in which all stages of growth are represented at the same time, is unable to mature its fruit in perfection, and loses some of its best qualities. What the vine requires is not a high average temperature, but a maximum of summer heat; and this is the reason why, except under artificial treatment, the vine does not ripen in our own country. In North America it is grown within similar limits to those in Europe. Wine is produced in Peru, South Africa, and Australia, but the geographical distribution of the vine in the Southern hemisphere does not seem as yet to be well understood. Without troubling ourselves, however, about such remote regions, there seems to be no doubt that nearer home, in Europe itself, there are countries from which we may hope in time to get abundance of good wine, and which at present are only beginning to be tapped. The important thing is, that the public should appreciate the merits of genuine wine, and should insist on having it pure and unadulterated.

FIGUIER'S DAY AFTER DEATH.*

SUCH of our readers as have been of late years familiar with Brussels have most likely been lured into the Wiertz Gallery of pictures. A bequest dictated by inordinate vanity, that wondrous collection—in which the gigantesque vies with the libidinous and the horrible for the palm of what is most to be abhorred in art, a *damnosa hereditas* to the morals and æsthetic tastes of the Belgian capital—displays as the masterpieces of the painter's genius a kind of triptic, or composition in three tableaux, representing the sensations or impressions of a soul at three successive intervals of a day after decapitation by the guillotine. In the first moment after death the artist's fancy seeks to delineate the effect of the spasmodic parting of the head from the trunk. With the horrible recoil the body is seen turning a wild somersault amidst vague and fleeting shapes retaining some shadowy resemblance of the spectators and the scenery of the scaffold. Of the deepening horrors of the later scenes—the whirling jets of blood, the bursts of flame of every hue that the palette can supply to a teeming and ghastly fancy, the loathsome shapes of snakes or nameless creeping things, the gibbering demons, and the rest—we can trust ourselves to say no more than that the whole forms an *inferno* in the worst possible taste on the part of the designer, and most corrupting in the ideas and associations which it is likely to conjure up in the mind of the beholder. Never has the imagination of a painter been let loose upon a theme more alien to the true aims and interests of art, and never has a domain of thought which the instinct and tradition of mankind have at all times united to keep sacred from rash and presumptuous intrusion been invaded with more coarse or unholy tread.

M. Figuiér's *Day after Death*, though involuntarily bringing to our recollection some features of the audacious creation of M. Wiertz's fancy, is, we are bound to say, wholly free from the like objection on the ground of ethics or even of taste. There is nothing in his treatment of the subject to jar upon our sense of decency, or to outrage the feeling of reverence with which we would always handle the subject of death. There is nevertheless a rashness in thus entering upon the mysteries of the after-state, giving the rein to the loosest impulses of fancy, which constitutes hardly less glaring an offence against the canons of soberness and propriety. It is at all events a travesty of scientific accuracy or truth to talk of the utterly gratuitous and speculative picture of the future life set forth in this book as being "according to science." Between the facts which M. Figuiér has been at the pains and ingenuity to string together from the discoveries of astronomy or physiology, and the results which the process of death may entail upon the conscious being, there is not the faintest logical connexion. They are simply incommensurable quantities. It was not, indeed, at the oracle of science that the author himself in the first instance acquired the wisdom which he so confidently imparts to the world. During the greater part of his life he confesses his belief to have been, in common with that of everybody else, that the problem was wholly out of our reach, and that true wisdom lay in not troubling our minds about it. The loss of an only son set him thinking intensely upon the subject. After seeking, with but little effect, it would appear from the exact sciences what positive information they could furnish him, he proceeded to interrogate ignorant and simple people, "peasants in their villages, and unlettered men in towns, an ever-precious source of aid in reascending towards the true principles of nature," as not being perverted by the "progress of

education, or by the routine of a commonplace philosophy." Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, then, we must presume, in the first instance at least, and by the aid of the *docta ignorantia* of field-labourers and working-men—who, it seems, are to be looked to for a philosophy as much above the commonplace or old-world sort, as their political wisdom is to transcend that of the lawgivers and rulers of old time—the author has constructed for himself an entire system of ideas concerning the new life of man which is to follow his terrestrial existence:—

But his system is all contained in nature. Each organized being is attached to another which precedes, and another which follows it, in the chain of the living creation. The plant and the animal, the animal and the man, are linked, soldered to one another; the moral and physical order meet and mingle. It results from this, that any one who believes himself to have discovered the explanation of any one fact concerning this organization is speedily led to extend this explanation to all living beings, to reconstruct, link by link, the great chain of nature. Thus it was with the author of this book. After having sought out the destination of man when dismissed from his terrestrial life, he was led to apply his views to all other living beings, to animals, and then to plants. The power of logic forced him to study those beings, impossible to be seen by our organs of vision, by which he holds the planets, the suns, and all the innumerable stars dispersed over the vast extent of the heavens, to be inhabited. So that you will find in this book, not only an attempt at the solution of the problem of the future life by science, but also the statement of a complete theory of nature, of a true philosophy of the universe.

M. Figuiér has long ago so thoroughly exhausted all mundane or material departments of knowledge as to have roused our curiosity as to what realm or sphere of thought he would next select for the flight of his peculiar genius. Not only the earth and the sea, with all that inhabits them, but the marvels of electricity and of animal magnetism, having been explored or worked out as mines of novelty or sensation, he must have found himself sighing, like Alexander of old, for new worlds to conquer. In the path of enterprise now struck out by him he enjoys the advantage of having it all to himself, as well as that of not being summarily brought up by a hedge of stiff and impassable facts. Starting from the formula of the "human aggregate" or threefold nature of man, as laid down by the medical school of Montpellier, M. Figuiér satisfies himself with the assumption that the body, together with the life or "vital force" of Barthez, and the soul or "intimate sense" of Lordat, make up the constitution of man as a "perfected soul dwelling in a living body." Body and life both perish by death, the soul alone surviving. What is then the habitat of the soul, or, as M. Figuiér proceeds to call it, "the superhuman being;" the body, its former tenement, and its joint tenant, the soul, being no more? It must be somewhere beyond the range of atmospheric air, the habitat of animal and vegetable life. Universal and immemorial tradition assigning heaven as the place of sojourn, the only question is what is the nature of this heavenly space? Either, being in the view of science the fluid which is spread everywhere throughout interplanetary or stellar space, must forthwith be that in which superhuman beings float and dwell. That oxygen, the breath of bodily life, is not contained in ether M. Figuiér is pretty safe in assuming. He concludes then that ether is no other than "hydrogen rarified by the absence of pressure," feeling fortified herein by the observations made during recent eclipses, which point to a solar atmosphere of burning hydrogen gas. But are all souls, good and bad alike, at home in this gaseous ether, and do all find themselves at the same level of flotation? This would obviously be unjust. M. Figuiér is not prepared to dogmatize upon this point, or to insist upon the particular process which is to separate the good grain from the tares. As a matter of individual sentiment, however, he wishes his idea of the subject to be recorded:—

It seems to us that the human soul, in order to rise to the ethereal spaces, needs to have acquired that last degree of perfection which sets it free from every besetting weight; that it must be subtle, light, purified, beautiful, and that only under such conditions can it quit the earth, and soar towards the heavens. To our fancy, the human soul is like a celestial aérost, who flies towards the sublimest heights with swift strength, because it is free from all impurity. But the soul of a perverse, wicked, vile, gross, base, cowardly man has not been purified, perfected, or lightened. It is weighed down by evil passions and gross appetites, which he has not sought to repress, but has, on the contrary, cultivated. It cannot rise to the celestial heights, it is constrained to dwell upon our melancholy and miserable earth.

The sun being the first and essential cause of life, what is more likely, asks M. Figuiér, than that the rays which that luminary pours upon the earth and other planets are nothing else than emanations from the pure spirits who have qualified themselves to dwell in that central starry abode? Freed from all earthly alloy, from all material substance, the new being is a flame or breath; all is intelligence, thought in him. "He is an absolute soul, a soul without a body." The gaseous and burning mass of which the sun is composed is therefore appropriate to receive these quintessential beings. "A throne of fire is a fitting throne for souls." It has been usual to reserve the fiery abode for the opposite class of souls to those whom M. Figuiér seats upon flaming thrones. We consequently look with some curiosity, not to say concern, for what he has in view for the wicked. The bad and impenitent man gets off, we are bound to say, more lightly than we could have expected. But then M. Figuiér's amiable optimism unfits him for inflicting or even contemplating pain. The evil, gross, and heavy soul, too material to float upwards like a celestial aérost, remains below to recommence life a second time. The transmigration of souls enters, we find, into the programme of the *Day after Death*. The evil soul enters on death into a new human body; not, we perceive, into the body of any

* *The Day after Death; or, Our Future Life according to Science.* Translated from the French of Louis Figuiér. Illustrated by 10 Astronomical Plates. London: Bentley & Son, 1872.

lower animal. There is, however, no recollection of the previous state of existence. But what then, objects the sceptic, becomes of identity and of the process of retribution and recovery? Is not the individual reduced to nothingness? M. Figuier feels the difficulty, but is equal to it. "This oblivion is but for a while, it is part of the soul's punishment." As the perfecting process goes forward, the recollections of the past will return. The soul will recall the evil actions of its previous existence, or manifold existences, if it has gone through many, and this thought will form its chastisement even in the blissful abode to which it shall at length have attained. What we fear is the indisposition, on these terms, to the recuperative process on the part of the lost soul, on the ground that ignorance is bliss, or that it is best to let sleeping dogs lie; no severer penalty being in store for the lowest criminal than this rolling again uphill as before the stone of life, and that without being vexed by the ghosts of former failures. "The explanation of the banishment of the wicked which we offer," says M. Figuier, "is at least preferable to the hell of the Christian creed." So at all events will the wicked say. There remains the problem of infants, or immature souls. What and where are they the day after death? M. Figuier is, we need hardly say, ready here also. When an infant dies before it has lived one year, the period of dentition, its soul, "disengaging itself from the little corpse," passes into another newly-born baby, and after this fresh incarnation begins a second life. As regards the form wherewith this superhuman being is invested in its new condition, our author excuses himself from delineating it to the full. All he can say is, that, being not absolutely immaterial, but having a body in some sort, whilst having to float in a fluid so excessively subtle and rarefied as ether, there must be a "slight material tissue, animated by life, a vaporous, diaphanous drapery of living matter." The necessity for food, he feels confident, is spared to these ethereal creatures, the mere inspiration of the fluid in which they float sufficing for their nutrition and refreshment. That their sole physiological function lies in that of the inhalation of ether may be readily conceived from our seeing a whole class of animals—the batrachian—for whose respiration the bare and simple skin suffices. "Sleep is unknown, and would be of no use when physical reparation is not required. Reproduction, the function of inferior worlds, being superseded by perpetual recruitment from the preparatory state, the distinctions of sex will be no more." Into what will be the intellectual, the moral, or the æsthetic perfections of this final and fully sublimated state we should only follow M. Figuier at the risk of losing ourselves. We can but wait in patient trust for the good time when the blissful prospect may be realized in our own case. Then every problem will be as clear as the noonday. Even now, whatever distracts and puzzles us here below is mere child's play to the bright intelligences overhead, or, if M. Figuier is right, in the very orb of light itself. "He who is regarded by mankind as a genius of the first order, an Aristotle, a Kepler, a Newton, a Raffaele, a Shakspeare, a Molière, a Laplace, a Lavoisier, a Cuvier, a Victor Hugo, would be among them a babbling child. No science, no moral idea is above their conception." We should for our part require no further proof of their stupendous intellectual development than to be satisfied that they had eyes to see the grounds on which M. Figuier builds up so queer an edifice of fancy as that of his *Day after Death*.

MINOR POETS.*

THE author of *Obrig Grange* possesses so much power that we cannot but regret that he should have selected a form of composition for which he is, but slightly qualified. His poem is dramatic in form, and yet the poet is never able to keep himself out of sight. His five or six characters each in turn think aloud through a great many stanzas, but, however different the subject of their thoughts may be, the mode of regarding each matter and the form of expression are all of a piece. Then, too, however much the hero might be capable of a long train of reflections and self-analysis, it is absurd to suppose that the heroine's mother, for instance, a fashionably-religious or religiously-fashionable woman, would be capable of such a sustained effort. Each character for the most part expresses himself with a certain amount of vigour, and at times with a good deal of poetical power, but we often feel the same kind of astonishment at what they say that would come over us if we were to hear Mr. Ayrton talk pleasantly or Mr. Whalley wisely. It is curious to notice too that the speeches of all the characters are of almost exactly the same length. Whether *Mater Domina loquitur*, or *Pater*, or *Thorold*, or *Hester*, or *Rose*, they require each a soliloquy of about twenty-four pages, or some 450 lines, to express their thoughts. Thorold, indeed, in the second speech which is granted him as hero, fills thirty pages—no bad

allowance of talk for a man in the last stage of consumption. The doctors when they came must have done more than

tapped, and stethoscoped, and spoke of râles,
And lesions, and adhesions and deaf parts,
Cells, stitches, mucus, coughs and blisterings.

To have strung up a consumptive hero to 500 or 600 lines of talk straight on end on the very morning of his death must be a feat unparalleled, if not in dramatic poetry, at all events in the annals of medicine. Each of the speeches is introduced by a short commentary by the editor, one *Hermann Kunst, Philol. Professor*. Though these parts of the poem have not the liveliness and vigour of the others, yet, not pretending to be in any way dramatic, they are much more natural, and on the whole more interesting. The reader perhaps as he goes through them is haunted rather too much by a remembrance of Wordsworth. It is difficult to believe that the following passage, good though it is in its way, would have stood exactly as it does if the author had not been familiar with the poem of the *Brothers*:-

Trained for a priest, for that is still the pride
And high ambition of the Scottish mother,
There was a kind of priestly parity
In him, and a deep, solemn undertone
Ran through his gayest fancies, and his heart
Reached out with manifold sympathies, and laid
Fast hold on many outcast and alone
The world.

We have so many poets who form themselves on Mr. Tennyson just in those very points where he has formed himself on Wordsworth, that it is some comfort to find that the author of *Obrig* in his blank verse, so far as he is an imitator, is not at all events the copy of a copy. Perhaps the dramatic portions of his poem are more suggestive of the Poet-Laureate, but yet they have a merit of their own. The following stanza, taken from the brother's recollections of the happy childhood he and his sister had spent together, is pretty enough, and is a fair specimen of what our readers may expect if they will read the poem through:-

How sweet the old brook tinkles still
Through daisy mead and golden broom,
Where once we placed our water-mill,
And heard it clicking in the gloom,
Hushed, sleepless, in our little room!
Yonder, we caught the tiny trout—
Our first—you carried it about
All day, complaining of its doom,
And trying each pool if its life were gone out.

The book is by no means all sentimental. There is a good deal of vigorous writing on many of the faults of the age, which keeps the story from growing wearisome. Altogether, considerable as are the faults of *Obrig Grange*, unmelodious as is at times the versification, yet we will venture to assert that any one who takes it up will not willingly put it down till he has reached the last line of the last stanza.

Mr. Peter Bayne tells us that he has not spared himself "careful study" of the times about which he writes, but that he finds that "in none of the books upon the subject which I have seen has adequate importance been assigned or, to speak with more preciseness, sufficient space been allotted to the part played by Queen Jezebel." We trust that the claims of that somewhat grasping lady will be satisfied at last, and that she will allow that in Mr. Peter Bayne's 212 pages she has been allotted at all events sufficient space. At the time of the old Exhibition of 1851 no complaint, we remember, was more common than that some country had been unfairly treated, in that sufficient space had not been allotted to it. It is somewhat curious to see the merits and claims of "historical personages" similarly estimated by square measure, and to find that, if only justice has been done by the historian, the foot-rule will quite as correctly show a man's greatness as his height. Mr. Peter Bayne accounts for the insufficient space assigned to Jezebel "in the records we possess of her reign," by the hatred which was felt for her by their Hebrew authors. It is satisfactory to find that after his careful study he can say that "this hatred did not, I believe, induce them to deviate from strict veracity." Jezebel they naturally regarded as "a supremely disagreeable subject, and they said as little of her as they could." If Mr. Peter Bayne had followed them in their reticence, and, regarding Jezebel as he does as a supremely agreeable subject, had yet managed to say as little of her as he could, he would have earned the gratitude of all at events one reader. Besides the 212 pages of poetry, we have a preface of twenty-six pages, in which we learn, among other things, that "Jezebel might regard herself as the missionary of a nobler, kindlier, more expansive civilization than that which so sternly defied her," and that "the seamen of Sidon first directed their vessels by the Pole Star." As Mr. Peter Bayne makes Jezebel quote Homer, or at least refer to him, so he guards himself in his preface by stating "that the likelihood is that the poet lived about half a century earlier." Mr. Peter Bayne, like every one else, has a choice of some five or six centuries, in either of which he can place Homer at his pleasure, in the full certainty that he has some great authority on whom to rest his decision. When once, however, he has placed Homer fifty years before Jezebel, it is too bad to place one of Homer's heroes some years after Jezebel. It is pleasing, no doubt, to see Jezebel introduced in a domestic light, and to find that a lady who as queen was so given to killing prophets could nevertheless be "dear aunt" to a

* *Obrig Grange*. Edited by Hermann Kunst, Philol. Professor. Glasgow: James Maclehose. 1872.

The Days of Jezebel: an Historical Drama. By Peter Bayne. London: Strahan & Co. 1872.

Fly Leaves. By C. S. C., Author of "Verses and Translations." Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1872.

Poems from Turkey. London: Chapman & Hall. 1872.

King Charles the Second: an Historical Drama in Five Acts. By Joseph Longland, Author of "Bernard Alvers and the War Witch," "Othello's Incurrence," &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.

young girl. It is pleasing, too, to find that if the great Queen had rather lax notions about a neighbour's vineyard, yet when she had got any grapes she did not keep them all to herself. In fact, so generous is she in giving them away, that her niece cries out:—

Oh, thank you, aunt, so many!
I like the grapes of Eshecol.

It is in many ways pleasant to find that the grateful niece is no other than Dido, and to learn that at the age of ten she showed so much character that Aunt Jezebel exclaims, "Another kiss, my mimic heroine." Nevertheless we find ourselves involved in a chronological difficulty from which all Mr. Peter Bayne's study will scarcely set us free. If Homer lived fifty years before Jezebel, Æneas must have visited Carthage more than fifty years before Jezebel. How he managed there to inspire Dido with love, who, according to Mr. Peter Bayne, was not born till more than forty years later, we cannot even pretend to guess. Of Mr. Peter Bayne's chronology we may say as Ahab did of Jezebel's tear, that it "is maddening." He, as doubtless the best thing to be done under circumstances so trying to his reason, asks to be allowed to "kiss it ere it overflows the quivering eyelid." When Jezebel, "repelling him softly with her hand," declines to allow this, he thereupon makes some long speeches, and at the end of nineteen pages offers to kiss her again. We shall not, however, waste any time on Mr. Peter Bayne, but shall leave him to explain his chronology as best he may. As for his dramatic poetry, the following extract will suffice, by way of specimen:—

The acrid foam upon the wrinkling lip
Of turbulence, that feels the sovereign eye
Restrain it, it is as weak as frothy film
Left on the sand, which you and I have oft
At Sidon marked, when the down-going storm
Led back the baffled surges, and it lay
Sun-dried and impotent. Then wherefore weep?

Though a parody, however clever it may be, rightly holds only a very low place in literature, nevertheless it deserves to rank far higher than those mere imitations of poetry which in all good faith are put forth by their authors as original. Of the poets who are at present inviting our notice we could pick out a score or so who have all the faults of the parodist but none of his merit. As we read their verses we are constantly reminded of some one of the leading poets of the day, and while we are reminded, we are at the same time wearied and annoyed. For a moment or two we may be amused at seeing in what perfect simplicity these writers believe in their own originality, and, in the words of one of them, apologize for having "consciously or unconsciously adopted one or two phrases and images" from some of the leading authors of the day. If, as in the early days of Rome, an ox could still speak, we should just as soon expect to find one of those animals, when engaged in chewing the cud, tell us that all the food it brought up had grown in its own stomach, and apologize for having consciously or unconsciously borrowed a blade or two of grass from the field. We gladly therefore turn from those poets who, without intending to do so, are ever reminding us of Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Browning, to a writer like C. S. C., who from the beginning owns that he is not an original poet, and is contented with parodying the poets of the day. The little volume before us contains not a few pieces which we could select for quotation, had we only space. We must content ourselves with merely noticing the ballad with the burden of "Butter and Eggs and a Pound of Cheese"—a burden by the way which is quite as sensible and nearly as musical as the "Two Red Roses across the Moon" of one of the greatest among our younger poets. One of the best parodies in the whole book is that on Mr. Tennyson's poem of "The Brook." A travelling tinker meets the poet, and thus begins to tell his adventures:—

I loiter down by thorp and town;
For any job I'm willing;
Take here and there a dusty brown,
And here and there a shilling.
I deal in every ware in turn,
I've rings for buddin' Sally
That sparkle like those eyes of her'n;
I've liquor for the valet.
I steal from th' parson's strawberry plots,
I hide by th' squire's covers;
I teach the sweet young housemaids what's
The art of trapping lovers.
The things I've done 'neath moon and stars
Have got me into messes;
I've seen the sky through prison bars,
I've torn up prison dresses.

After one or two or more verses equally good, the poet in his own person thus concludes the story:—

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.
Then I, "The sun has slipt behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been missed at Syllabub Farm.

Many people, as every one knows, are inclined to estimate poetry rather by the difficulties which the author has had to overcome than by any consideration of the intrinsic value of his productions. So a copy of verses which, if composed by a literary man, would be passed over with indifference, would excite great admiration if it were known that they had been composed by a cobbler as he patched up old shoes, or by a tailor as he stitched away at a pair of breeches. And yet if a cobbler in his leisure

time were to turn out a pair of breeches, or a tailor a pair of shoes, no one, so far as we know, would be lost in admiration at the skill of a man who, while knowing how to do one thing well, yet was able to do another thing ill. The author of *Poems from Turkey* may, however, come before the public with a certain claim to attention from the novelty of the trade which he combines with the poet's art. While there are few trades which cannot boast their bard, we doubt if, till the present case, poetry and firework-making have ever been combined. Not, indeed, that there is any inconsistency between the two arts. A cracker scarcely surpasses in sound, and fully equals in sense, many odes, and not a few sonnets flare away for a short space bravely like a squib, to end like it in unmeaning noise. Our author, in a modest preface, though he does not give us his name, yet lets us into part of his history. He spent fourteen months at Constantinople, where he "superintended (under His Excellency Halil Pasha) the Sultan's firework displays." He adds:—

It may perhaps be worth noticing here that the Franco-German war was raging between me and "home" during the greater part of the time.

Also that I am intimately connected with the Crystal Palace firework displays.

How the Crystal Palace firework displays bear on the volume before us we hardly know. We once knew an old organist who answered all attacks on his style of playing by the assertion that as his singing, when a boy in the choir at Windsor, had pleased his Sacred Majesty George IV., it was not too much to assume that he knew how to play an organ in a parish church. In like manner we shall expect to find our author as poet maintain that a man who is "intimately connected with the Crystal Palace firework displays" must know how to write poems, and as firework-maker maintain that a man who knows how to write poems must know how to make fireworks. We trust, however, for the sake of the shareholders in the Crystal Palace that his squibs and crackers are better composed than such lines as the following:—

The coup d'ail the scene affords
Who can adequately tell?
Who can represent in words (and well)
A city's indescribable
Agglomeration? Magnificence,
And multitude, and meanness dense,
In vast confusion lying outspread,
Where'er the captive eye is led,
From caïque to minaret to range,
'Midst everything so strangely strange.

We cannot pretend to have read through the historical drama in five acts of *King Charles the Second*. We have dipped into it in places, and while we are ready to allow that it is in five acts, we cannot say that we have discovered anything that is either dramatic or historical. There is a great deal of fighting, and a great deal of speech-making. Cromwell makes speeches and King Charles makes speeches, and both get through a good deal of those hand-to-hand combats which are, if not dramatic, at all events peculiar to the drama. King Charles, in the battle of Worcester, finding that an officer "makes a point at his breast," parries it, and having first justified his proceeding in a speech of six lines, then slays the officer "just outside, and returns," to point out to the audience that there is "one less against me in the field." Cromwell is not behind his rival in exploits. When sent by the Council of State to Scotland, he thus takes leave:—

Farewell, my Lords. When we next meet
The population of Great Britain
Will be diminished.

He scarcely does his best to fulfil his promise, for he is contented with merely seizing his enemy by the neck, and spares his life. But the whole scene is so wonderful in itself, that we shall venture to quote a part of it. The opposing armies of England and Scotland are drawn up on the Lothian Hills, with "a repetition of Edinburgh and Leith as in Scene 2, but all at a greater distance," when

Enter a line of English soldiers, headed by their Officers, with halberds at the charge. CROMWELL draws his sword, looks at his soldiers, and points towards the Scotch army.

Soldiers, in the name of Saint George
Charge home upon your enemy.
When English blood's aroused
Let all the world fall down before it!
Forward to the charge.

(Headed by CROMWELL they all charge across the stage and exeunt. Bugles and drums heard. One Officer returns wounded, re-crosses the stage limping and pale, and falls just outside. Several soldiers return backwards fencing with Scotch soldiers, and again drive the Scotch back and exeunt. Drums, &c. fainter.)

Enter a Scotch Officer backwards, fencing with CROMWELL, who drives him to the centre of the stage. The Scotch Officer's sword falls out of his hand, when CROMWELL seizes him by the neck.

CROMWELL. Rebel of the empire!
You are my prisoner; your life
Deserves no custody, but an Englishman
Never takes advantage of his enemy.

Imposing as are the great military displays in this drama, perhaps even more effective is the civic show with which it closes. The scene is laid in "Whitehall Palace and adjoining premises." The King faces the audience, while all the great personages of State "have arranged themselves down the stage R. and L., leaving room for maids of honour to enter R. and L. next the footlights."

General Monk makes a speech, and Charles makes a speech, and then the dramatic portion of the play thus closes:—

LORD MAYOR. God save the King. Hip! hip!

CORTEGE. Hurrah!

LORD MAYOR. Hip! hip!

CORTEGE. Hurrah!

LORD MAYOR. Hip! hip!

CORTEGE. Hurrah!

The curtain, however, does not finally fall till King Charles "has commanded the Company to sing the National Anthem, in honour of our reigning Sovereign Queen Victoria."

BAZAINE'S ARMY OF THE RHINE.*

MARSHAL BAZAINE has lately appeared among the numerous apologists for French defeat. But the Marshal is also cited to answer before a court-martial charges of misconduct which, if proved, must condemn him to the gravest penalty that military law can inflict. And although it is his own choice to fling his elaborate defence broadcast through a publisher at the moment when his trial is decided on, we cannot accept the task of entering into those questions with which the tribunal at Versailles will have to deal. On everything, therefore, in this work that concerns the Marshal's conduct when finally cut off and invested we shall be silent; for it is impossible to separate this part of the story from the crowning event of the capitulation. But the first seventy-five pages of the book need no such reticence in a reviewer, carrying events as they do only up to the close of the battle of Gravelotte. Whatever may be thought of the Marshal's conduct up to that point, no reasonable person would connect it with the charges arising out of the investment, which, had he been victorious at Gravelotte, would never have been begun. Yet the events of the first fortnight of the war, closing with that battle, form perhaps its most important section, and each contribution to their history from any of the chief actors must have its value, varying though that value must be according to the honesty and the power of the writer. This portion of the book, therefore, we shall deal with as though it were a complete work in itself, and separate from all that follows.

Such a narrative as that of Bazaine's, appearing at so singular a season, supposes one of two things. Either the Marshal feels his own contribution to history, honestly written, to be so necessary to truth that it cannot longer be withheld; or he has observed how seriously the charges made against his conduct in the press have affected the public mind, and has resolved in constructing his version to attempt to meet them in detail. We do not pretend to decide how far this subjective method of treating his narrative has influenced the writer. It is plain enough, however, that he is well aware of the chief points on which he is accused of falling short of his functions before the investment, as well as later; and the portions of his narrative which touch on these may be supposed to say as much as can be stated in his favour. Now the chief of these points within the limits we have fixed for our task are in four number:—The failure to support Frossard at Spicheren on the 6th of August; the delay in retreating over the Moselle; the want of determination shown after the indecisive action of Mars-la-Tour; and the general incompetency displayed at Gravelotte, especially in the matter of neutralizing the French reserves by leaving them too far off to be of service. All these are well known, indeed notorious, and we shall glance at each briefly in turn.

Marshal Bazaine's narrative of the 6th of August is well confirmed by the independent version of General Frossard, recently reviewed (March 9, 1872) in these pages. It may be well, for the sake of truth—which has been greatly distorted on this head by the careless criticism of Special Correspondents—to repeat shortly that there seems to be no foundation whatever for the alleged jealousy between Frossard and Bazaine, nor for the notion that the former wilfully refrained from calling for, or the latter from sending, aid. The simple facts are, that on the afternoon of the 5th, whilst the three corps of Bazaine, Frossard, and Ladmirault were scattered about the frontier in separate divisions, moved hitherto without any certain plan, sudden orders by the telegraph constituted the three into a wing of the whole army under Bazaine's chief direction. Hardly had he taken his charge when next morning the Prussian shock fell on Frossard, whose corps had been close to the enemy's point of concentration. The worst that can be said of Bazaine's conduct at this crisis, after careful comparison of all that has yet been printed on the subject, is that he showed no special genius for war, nor any comprehensive grasp of the situation. He kept one division with his headquarters idle at St. Avold, conceiving that point, though so far to the rear, to be endangered by some concealed Prussian movement. One more of his own four divisions had been detached by Lebouf's orders on Sarreguemines. The two remaining were ordered to support Frossard, one with direct, the other with somewhat vague instructions. It is sufficient to add here that their well-known non-appearance at Spicheren seems to be due to the moral timidity and irresolution of the two commanders, and to the general incompetency of the Staff which should have directed them onward, rather than to any personal fault on the part of Frossard or Bazaine. All that is distinct here in Bazaine's

narrative is what that of Frossard had already made abundantly plain. In short, the general inferiority of the higher French officers, combined with the irresolution of the Emperor and Lebouf, and the weaker numbers of the Army of the Rhine, made it a certain sacrifice on the coming collision with the North German forces, which had on their side the threefold advantages of strength, organization, and leadership.

A far more important matter as concerns Bazaine's reputation is his share in the fatal delay which allowed the French to be outflanked by their enemy, and so led finally to the investment of the Army of the Rhine by Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles. On this head we look in vain for a better defence of the Marshal than the stereotyped plea that he took command too late to save the force by prompt retreat. This indeed is not formally stated, for the work does not pretend to be a formal defence, but a history. But it is clearly to be inferred from the pains which Bazaine is at to show how dangerous the position was when he received his charge under the Imperial decree of the 12th. Up to that moment, it is implied, he had no responsibility, and on that day it is true the formal transfer into his hands took place. But we have long since pointed out that the Marshal, who had allowed all France, and indeed the whole civilized world, to be informed by the Emperor's telegram three days before that he was invested with the command, cannot escape the responsibility which really devolved upon him from the moment of that announcement; and this date is singularly confirmed as the true one by his own narrative, which represents him first (p. 40) as giving advice on the whole situation of the army on the 9th, the day in question.

With this section of our inquiry the battle of Borny on the 14th is much concerned; for the most striking part of the delay was the unnecessary bringing back of a part of the Fourth Corps, which had already crossed the Moselle before the action began. For this return, as well as for the circumstance that the Third Corps (Decaen's) was unnecessarily caught out of the cover of the forts by the German onset, and was therefore dragged into a useless and prolonged action at a distinct gain of time to the enemy, Bazaine offers no direct excuse. He admits that the facts were so, and implies that his subordinates mismanaged the affair sadly. The obvious reply to this is best given by the date of Bazaine's own telegrams to the Emperor, which show him at Borny superintending the retreat, shortly before the Germans attacked. French writers have first set the example of making a commander-in-chief irresponsible for the defeats brought on by his lieutenants' blunders under his own eye and within the reach of an aide-de-camp. But we are not aware that this sort of excuse has ever been admitted for lesser men than the Great Napoleon, or that his exemption in such matters is to be made a precedent. We must therefore insist, until a better rule is created, in holding Bazaine, as commander-in-chief, fully chargeable with the useless blundering of this battle of Borny, as well as with the other delay caused by the want of bridges, which the Marshal evidently considers sufficiently explained when he quotes the opinion of his chief engineer as to the difficulty caused by the flooding of the Moselle whilst the trestles were being prepared—as though there were no boats at Metz, nor any means of putting them together in default of the pontoons left in German hands near Forbach.

Our third inquiry is as to the battle of Mars-la-Tour, and the necessity of retreating from the ground held at its close. Bazaine here is evidently aware of the close discussion which has been carried on in his own country and elsewhere as to his abandonment of the attempt to move westward whilst he had yet two roads, one very far from the enemy's position, still left in his power. The imperfect victualling of his troops for the two days previous, and the want of ammunition after the battle was over, are the reasons he alleges for the necessity of his retiring on Gravelotte. But to any one who, with our present knowledge, views the matter broadly, it is plain that the argument is lost from the moment the Marshal admits that the march westward was still possible. "To turn my back upon the enemy was the necessary condition of doing this," he says; and truly under the circumstances there was nothing he should have desired so much to do with the bulk of his force. Rearguards are made for the very occasion in question. As to the defects in his supplies of cartridges, he admits that two of his four infantry corps were fully furnished; and if he had been moving away from the reserves at Metz, he would at least have drawn his pursuers equally from their reserves, whilst whatever stores were in the Meuse district would have been at his service. A note a few pages on tells us that there was an *grand approvisionnement* at Verdun, could the army have reached that fortress. If Bazaine did not know of this on the 16th, it must have been chiefly his own fault, as he had free telegraphic communication two days later.

As to the battle of Gravelotte itself, the charges have long since been openly made by French officers that Bazaine kept far too much to the rear to know what was really happening, and that his reserve, the Guard, was rendered useless from the same cause. This is not, as hasty readers may have supposed, or as the *Manchester Guardian* Correspondent would have had it, a question of personal courage. It is simply a remarkable instance of mistaken judgment. Taking Bazaine's own account as literally correct—and we see no special reason to doubt it—it is clear that whilst the whole German force assembled to the west and north-west along his front, he expected the attack to the south or behind his extreme left. "I was in the best place for looking up the valley" (of the Moselle), he says, p. 40. And the result of being in this best place was that at 7.50 P.M. (the date is from his own telegram) he knew so little of what was doing

* *L'Armée du Rhin, depuis le 12 août jusqu'au 20 octobre 1870.* Par le Maréchal Bazaine. Paris: Plon. 1872.

in his front that he informed the Emperor "The fire is ceasing; all the positions are throughout (*constamment*) maintained by our troops." "The reports I had received were not disquieting," he subsequently explains as his apology for this ignorance, apparently unconscious how, in telling the reader this, he condemns himself. In like manner he admits how late and with what caution the Guard was sent on to Canrobert's support, as if unaware how every critic will connect the delay with the enforced retirement of that Marshal from St. Privat, "which the Sixth Corps was compelled to evacuate, despite the courage and self-devotion of its chief."

On the whole, we lay down the book with the feeling that Marshal Bazaine would have done well not to invite fresh criticism, but to await his trial by a professional court in silence. Of the earlier charges against him Frossard had already cleared away one. The others are the more fixed on him since he has written his own version, and the whole effect of the part of his book which we have reviewed is simply to afford us one more proof of the hollowness of the Imperial system, or the weakness of the Imperial judgment, which could give the modern Augustus no better choice as general-in-chief of the Army of the Rhine than the Marshal who takes so much pains to show his own incompetency from the first for the part confided to him.

THE STORY OF A SHOWER.*

THE interest of this unpretending story turns on an entanglement for which lady novelists show a remarkable fondness. Its victims consist of a group of three—an exemplary young lady, an objectionable young lady, and a mistaken young man. The mistaken young man has plunged rashly into a matrimonial engagement with the objectionable young lady, only to discover that it was all along the exemplary young lady who was suited for him, and to whom he should have proposed. This is a favourite complication with writers of fiction. There is the struggle between loyalty and love in the bosom of the lover to be depicted; there are the gentle sorrows of the exemplary young lady, who is in a perpetual state of self-immolation, and the stormy jealousies and caprices of her objectionable, but triumphant, rival. And out of the seemingly hopeless tangle a satisfactory issue has to be found in the third volume. In the novel before us the treatment of this situation is decidedly feeble. Two at least of the characters in the foremost group lack any sustained individuality. Margaret Erne is a pale reproduction of one of those domestic paragons who have been already described with so much finish in the works of Miss Sewell and Miss Yonge. The good genius of a ramshackle family of cousins, the prop and support of an incapable aunt, she fully merits the eulogium bestowed on her of being a "first-rate article"; though we should hardly have ventured to describe by so flippant a phrase an admirable young woman charged with the care of the weekly bills, and unselfishly devoted to the management of a set of peculiarly unpleasant children. But, apart from these household worries, and a tendency to ill-health, the sympathy which she inspires is not very lively; and this is mainly the fault of the author, who, instead of giving prominence to that feature in her story, is satisfied with a few meagre hints of the heroine's secret attachment to Godfrey Woodman. If Margaret is sketchy and insipid, Godfrey is even less acceptable as a hero. Such merit as he possesses is all of a negative kind. He is not a prig, nor is he one of those marvellous compounds of virtue and muscle whom lady novelists evolve out of their consciousness, and dress up as curates and doctors. It is something to be spared both the preachy and the masterful type of hero. On the other hand, Godfrey Woodman is drearily wooden, with no distinctively masculine speciality but a tendency to indulge in slang. Nothing lifelike is gained by emphasizing his sex by vulgarisms, and making him talk of "charming female parties who choose people out of umbrellas," or of "tumbling among a damaged lot," whatever that may mean. Nor does he improve as the story proceeds. Miss Drury does not seem to have any clear notion how a man would feel and act on discovering that he had engaged himself to a woman unworthy of love or respect. She is content with putting a few conventional phrases of grief or anger in her hero's mouth; otherwise he takes things with provoking coolness, and accepts the chapter of accidents with as "light a heart" as M. Olivier himself. Much better drawn is the third, and morally the least estimable, figure of the principal group. By the side of the brilliant criminals of sensational fiction she will no doubt appear a very humdrum sinner. Sly, scheming, and unscrupulous, she proves a very mischievous inmate of the Woodman family; yet we cannot but think that in her laudable desire to point a moral Miss Drury is disposed to make the most of her peccadilloes. Cheating at croquet is an offence of no very grave moral turpitude; and in darting a look of fury at a child who had driven a nail through her muslin dress, and slapping another for making an inopportune revelation, she will probably have the sympathy of most lady readers. But prying into other people's pocket-books, and abstracting diamond lockets from other people's dressing-cases, are very different matters, for which we have not a word of extenuation to offer. It is a pity that the author has not hit upon a less operative contrivance for bringing Fanny's

misconduct to light. For society, doubtless, it would be a convenient arrangement if all thieves were also somnambulists, who restored by night what they misappropriated by day. But unhappily the combination is rare; and in a family of lynx-eyed children and waiting-maids, surely some more probable means for the detection of the fair culprit might have easily been found. Upon the whole, however, the character of Fanny is wrought out with some skill. She is not a meagre sketch, like Margaret, but a creation with pretensions to flesh and blood. Her airs of superior gentility to the Woodmans, and her irritating condescensions to her new friends, are cleverly described in the following passage, which we quote for the purpose of showing Miss Drury at her best:—

"She was charmed with everything; house, garden, aspect, situation, nothing could be more perfect. The simplicity, the absence of display and pretension, were exactly to her taste. She hated outside show and parade of wealth; the simplest things always pleased her most. Such a dear, tidy room—quite a snug little den, just what suited her best. And she said so much of its snugness and smallness, that Charlotte, who had been accustomed to think it a handsome-sized apartment, began to measure it with a disparaging eye, and felt ashamed it was no bigger. The same tone of praise accompanied the guest's minute inspection of the furniture and ornaments; everything was perfect, because it was so nice and simple—neat, without attempting too much, which was far from being the case in some houses. Stooping to examine the inkstand and portfolio, she gave a little laugh of satisfaction at coming across anything so plain and sensible. "One never sees such things anywhere now, you know; they overload you with gilding and stone and crystals, and I don't know what, till your tables are more like counters for *bijouterie* than conveniences for dressing or study. I am so glad to find nothing of the sort here."

The dinner passed off amicably; Fanny's appetite proving the sincerity of the praise she bestowed on the viands. Mrs. Woodman apologized, as they sat down, for their "plain fare," a formula she employed on such occasions as a matter of good breeding, but which Miss Fenlake took as a special tribute to herself, and assured her earnestly she enjoyed it the more for being plain. It was quite difficult now to sit down to a simple dinner. What with everything being *à la Russe*, the table covered with ornaments and confectionery, and then the French dishes, and the vegetables and fruits out of season, at fabulous prices; really, when one came to think about it, the extravagance of the age was dreadful.

"Very nice dinners those must be, though," said Mrs. Woodman thoughtfully.

"Oh, of course; perfect in their way, you know—nothing allowed that is not first rate, till you are liable to be spoiled for ordinary living, as I am afraid many are."

Upon the state of her feelings towards Godfrey Woodman Fanny is much less explicit, and to the end we are left in doubt whether she really cares for him or not. Upon either supposition her conduct would seem to be inconsistent. A mere coquette would hardly have displayed so much dread of forfeiting his good opinion. If, on the other hand, she had any real affection for him, no adequate motive is shown for her sudden elopement with the Major.

If the triangular complication on which the interest of this novel, as a love story, turns is not very new, at least the author may claim to have set it in a framework of incident entirely original. That the lives of men and women are largely determined by apparent trifles is a fact of everyday experience, and one which has been treated with exquisitely pathetic effect in the masterpieces of fiction. It was to a puddle that Sir Walter Raleigh owed his brilliant career; and, to take only one instance out of many in the *Waverley Novels*, it is the accident of a message being entrusted to Goose Gibbie that precipitates the final catastrophe in *Old Mortality*. The shower which gives the name to this story belongs to the same category of small but pregnant incidents. On one of her beneficent errands Margaret falls in with a *poitrinaire* heiress, who out of gratitude for the loan of a cloak and umbrella bequeaths her a large fortune. The adventure was not merely lucky for Margaret, but it presents a singular accumulation of good luck. First, there was the luck of falling in with a rich heiress, then the luck of the day being rainy, and the young stranger being consumptive, and therefore peculiarly susceptible to weather influences. But Margaret's luck did not end here. Her heiress was an heiress with no relative but a Scotch uncle on whom to bestow her wealth, and that Scotch uncle was so refreshingly devoid of the caniness which is supposed to distinguish his nationality as to be ready to acquiesce with alacrity in this romantic bequest to a stranger. Such a concurrence of propitious circumstances is rare; remarkable even in the annals of the favoured few to whom it has been given to entertain angels unawares. The two young ladies are at once on the most gushing terms. At her very first visit Miss Noel brings a heavy dressing-case to deposit in Margaret's care, apparently as a sort of earnest of the good things to follow. On this occasion, too, she finds Godfrey on a footing of cousinly intimacy with Margaret, and jumps to the conclusion that they are engaged lovers, though a word of explanation would have prevented all misunderstanding on this point. This leads to a further mystification. From some vague expressions which subsequently fall from Miss Noel, Godfrey in his turn jumps to the conclusion that it is Fanny Fenlake, whose father had been in litigation with the Noel family, to whom the moribund heiress intends to bequeath her property. Of course it is all a mistake. Nothing could efface the recollection of Margaret's cloak and umbrella; and now that a chronic rheumatism had proved the result of her vicarious drenching, Miss Noel was more than ever determined to "repair the injury" by her will. Accordingly in that instrument her whole fortune is bequeathed to Margaret, who, now a rich heiress, goes abroad to recover her health at some German waters. The only person cruelly disconcerted by this *dénouement* is Fanny, who had blabbed to her relatives of her

* *The Story of a Shower*. By Anna Drury. London: Dentley & Son.

coming greatness, and appropriated by anticipation some of the Noel diamonds. By the elopement of that unscrupulous young lady with Major Horseman the main obstacle to the union of Margaret and Godfrey, who had learnt to appreciate each other's worth more than ever during their Kaisersruhe flirtation, was removed. There remained only the sentimental barrier which Margaret's newly acquired wealth interposed. This is speedily removed by Margaret's bestowing the bulk of her property on model-lodgings and almshouses, called after the name of her departed friend, and by her reserving only a modest 300*l.* a year for herself. To the family solicitor of real life the impulsive way in which property is dealt with in these pages would probably be irritating; but this is a point on which the young people for whom Miss Drury writes will be more indulgent. They will be pleased to find it devolving on so worthy a recipient as Margaret; and equally pleased that, when it proves an obstacle to her happiness, it should take wings afresh, and crystallize into almshouses.

On the whole, though it must in candour be admitted that this book belongs rather to the milk than to the strong meat of fiction, it is at least entitled to the negative praise of being thoroughly inoffensive. We may go further, and say that it inculcates some very sound lessons of nursery morality, as that fibbing and pilfering are not merely sinful, but sins which entail their own punishment. On the other hand, for good girls of the Cinderella type a fairy godmother is always on the cards. But without undervaluing a wholesome moral, there are other requirements which are even more indispensable in a novel. Of all that relates to the mechanism of her art Miss Drury has much to learn. The chief defect of her book is the distrust which it exhibits of the writer's power to sustain the reader's interest by the simple accuracy and naturalness of her delineation of character. A dread of becoming dull leads her to flash on her readers incidents without meaning, and persons who have no *raison d'être* in the story. Thus we have a suggestion of mischief-making servants of whose intrigues nothing whatever comes; and a mock valetudinarian, Cawdor Fenlake, who comes out to Germany to try to win the rheumatic heiress, and then vanishes into space. Another fault, of hardly less gravity, is the disregard of literary perspective apparent in this work. We recommend Miss Drury, before she sets to work upon another novel, to go through the preliminary labour of classifying her characters into groups of the first and groups of the second rank, and then to bestow finish upon them in proportion to their prominence. As it is, she is sketchy where she should be elaborate, and meagre where she should be full. Of the minor characters in the story the best drawn is Mrs. Woodman, whose chronic indolence and old-fashioned horror of the brilliant projects of the Haldon Improvement Company are amusingly portrayed. The scene in which she deprecates the misery of sitting in the open air on a hard chair, listening to a band of music, and mildly entreating her young people not to insist on letting the house until she is dead and gone, is not devoid of a gleam of quiet humour. This, and the freedom from mannerisms of style which second-rate novelists affect, particularly from that objectionable habit which imitators of Thackeray have imported of acting the part of Chorus to their own creations, are the most promising features which we can descry in these volumes.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

MR. WILSON'S *Rise and Fall of the Slave Power** of which the first volume is now before us, is, as might be inferred from its title, a work of a vehemently partisan character. The time has not yet come when any Northern author is likely to write impartially or even candidly on such a theme; and the Southerners are for the present effectually silenced; and even if they felt themselves free to speak out, they would hardly occupy themselves with the defence of a policy which has been utterly defeated and loyally abandoned, or of an institution whose abolition they have frankly accepted and hardly profess to regret. Mr. Wilson writes from the Abolitionist point of view; that is, from the point of view of those who insisted on regarding the whole question of American slavery entirely in the light of abstract morality, and refused to take into account either the practical operation of a sudden emancipation or the political aspects of the subject as affected by the constitutional relations of the several States. He appears, indeed, to sympathize rather with the political than with the abstinent section of his party; with those who strove to wrest the Constitution to the invasion of Southern State-rights, and used the civil privileges conferred by the Union to violate its conditions, rather than with those who candidly admitted that under the Constitution slavery was expressly protected by law, and implicitly reserved to the jurisdiction of the several States, and who therefore resolved to repudiate the rights and obligations of citizenship, and to endeavour to withdraw their States from a bond which united them in political action with slaveholders, and bound them to defend the laws and uphold the Governments of the Slave States. The present volume brings down the story of Abolitionism only to the admission of Texas into the Union, and contains therefore the records of that part of the struggle during which the South appeared to her enemies completely victorious. The Southerners, on the other hand, conceiving that under the Constitution, and by the very nature of a Federal Union, they

were entitled to equal privileges in the common Territories—except as to that vast region in the North-West which had been ceded by Virginia on the express condition that slavery should not be allowed therein—and recognizing that they could only be safe by maintaining an equality in the Senate, and by rendering impossible the creation of a majority of Free States sufficient to amend the Constitution to their detriment, fought obstinately for the admission of slavery into the Territories and of Slave States into the Union. They regarded the compromises by which slavery was excluded from the territory north of the Missouri line while it was not established south of that line, as concessions detracting from their rights, and the violent opposition offered to the admission of new Slave States as acts of hostility and aggression on the part of the North. Mr. Wilson may be trusted as good evidence for the bitterness of feuds which this irreconcilable difference of opinion excited, and which found vent in acts and menaces of the most outrageous kind. The Abolitionists insulted, reviled, and threatened the Southerners in language which no high-spirited people could be expected to stand; and which provoked as much fury as would be excited in England by attempts to confiscate property to the value of some 300,000,000*l.*; especially if it were proposed to accomplish that end by illegal means—say, by a single vote of the House of Commons. The Abolitionists were imprisoned, beaten, and lynched in the South, and mobbed in the North; their presses were destroyed, they themselves were proscribed and prosecuted, and personal conflicts took place on the very floor of Congress; so that the wonder is, not that war broke out at last, but that so much bitterness and so much violence could go on for thirty years before it issued in civil war.

The history of the Indian aborigines is one of the most interesting, and at the same time one of the saddest, portions of American history. The character of some at least among the native tribes, however it may differ from that romantic picture which has been rendered familiar to English schoolboys by Cooper's charming novels, deserved a better fate than the extermination which has befallen the great majority, and is the evident destiny of the remainder; and the cruelty and treachery by which their destruction was hastened awaken a deep and painful indignation among English readers. At the same time it is not difficult, in perusing the records of Indian wars, to understand the very different feelings with which they were regarded by a rough, stern, unsentimental race of settlers, brought into frequent collision with them, and living in constant danger from their sudden outbreaks—danger, not only of the worst horrors of war as waged by Sherman, Pope, and Sheridan, but of such atrocities as have not been witnessed in the conflicts of civilized nations since the days of Tilly and Wallenstein. It must also be remembered that British policy is in no small degree answerable for the fate of many Indian tribes. Mr. Rutenber's *History of the Indian Tribes of Hudson River** traces clearly enough the consequences to the unhappy natives of their employment on the Royal side in the War of Independence. Their relations with King's officers, and their feuds with the settlers, rendered them ready enough to respond to a call to arms, which was issued with equal recklessness of the nature of savage warfare and the probabilities of American vengeance; the tribes were supported, and often led, by "Tories," or Colonial Loyalists, who, having been banished, plundered, outraged, and maltreated by the insurgents, were justly provoked to a bitter revenge which seems strange or exaggerated only to vehement American patriots; and for the devastation and slaughter wrought by both the Indians atoned but too terribly. Mr. Rutenber, like most Americans, has one measure for friends and another for foes, and judges the burning of Indian wigwams and of colonial villages, the massacre of whites by Indians and of Indians by whites, by quite different standards. That part of his work which describes the internal organization, government, and politics of the tribes, their traditional history, the powers and attributes of their chiefs, their civil and military institutions, their alliances and federal relations, is at once more pleasant and more valuable reading than the melancholy story of their wars. The federal system of the Six Nations, in particular, and the peculiar institutions and traditions of the Delawares, or Leni Lenape, are especially interesting. It is a noteworthy fact, in connexion with the relics of the mound-builders and the comparative civilization of the Mandans, that the Lenape represent themselves as having, in the course of their Eastward migrations, come into collision with and finally dispossessed a people living in fortified towns, and apparently maintaining an agriculture superior to the rude cultivation of maize, by which the Lenape and their neighbours assisted and supplemented the hunting on which they chiefly relied for subsistence. Much interest also attaches to the accounts of individual chiefs, warriors, and prophets, often greatly superior to the generality of their race in civilization and intelligence, with which the story is interspersed. We should be inclined to judge from the general tenor of the description either that the Sioux and other tribes at present maintaining a precarious existence in the Far West have greatly degenerated through hardship, rum, and the pressure of an intruding civilization on their resources, or else that the tribes of the East, and especially the Lenape, were like the Mandans of a higher calibre and more developed intelligence than the races of the Western prairies—a supposition in itself by no means improbable. And Mr. Rutenber is so far

* *History of the Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America.* By Henry Wilson. Vol. I. Boston: Osgood & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

* *History of the Indian Tribes of Hudson River; their Origin, Manners, and Customs, Tribal and Subtribal Organizations, Wars, Treaties, &c. &c.* By E. M. Rutenber, Author of the "History of Newburgh." Albany, N.Y.: J. Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

sustained by evidence, and confirmed by other writers, that we are inclined to believe his picture substantially a just one. The work is readable enough, and its intrinsic interest would serve to enliven even a duller style.

Neill's "*Fairfaxes of England and America*"* is a genealogical record of one of the best known of those American families which can clearly and directly trace their descent to the historic aristocracy of the mother-country; perhaps the only one among them the head of which, able to prove his claim to an English peerage, yet chose to throw in his lot with the insurgent colonists, and of which the eldest branch remained finally established as simple citizens of the Transatlantic Republic.

Dr. Walker's *Science of Wealth*† would hardly, we venture to think, be accepted as altogether a correct exposition of the principles of the science recognized by orthodox English economists. It has, however, very considerable merits; it is generally clear, brief, and simple so far as it goes; and on the subject of Protection it is thoroughly sound and remarkably distinct. As a manual for students, it is open to the objection that it is too brief; that the writer does not allow himself room to deal fully with even the elements of his subject; and that he bestows too much space on the more abstruse and less settled parts of the science.

The last Report of the New York Chamber of Commerce ‡ is less generally interesting than some of its predecessors, dealing more with questions of detail and with incidents of American commercial politics than with matters of principle or of historic import. The brief Report of a Committee on the decay of the American shipping trade is, however, an exception to this rule. It is exceedingly concise, and its recommendations are few and simple, but it throws much light on the subject. It points out that the fortunes of the commercial marine of the United States have been very fluctuating. The war of 1812 caused, as might have been expected, a serious diminution. From 1814 to 1824 the tonnage of the United States was stationary, as it has been since 1865. There was a considerable increase between 1824 and 1828, there were periods of depression in 1828-32 and 1843-46, and periods of rapid increase in 1833-43 and 1846-54. From 1854 to the maximum in 1861 the progress was comparatively slow; the loss during the war was about two-fifths, and in 1870 the figures had scarcely altered at all. The extremely small percentage of steam-tonnage—about one-sixteenth of the whole—is noteworthy. The Committee evidently ascribe the stagnation of the trade chiefly to the tariff, as they recommend that shipowners should be allowed to purchase supplies of foreign origin in bond for vessels engaged in the foreign trade, and to receive a drawback on the purchase of protected American wares, and that shipbuilders should be allowed to buy and use foreign materials in bond. They also complain of the "irredeemable paper currency, enhancing all cost of production." A further suggestion was added that the purchase and registration of foreign ships should be allowed, and that a preference should be given to American lines in making contracts for carrying the mails. A Protectionist amendment was shelved by the Chamber.

The *Legal Tender Cases of 1871*§ is a record of the judgment by which the Supreme Court in that year reversed its decision of the previous year pronouncing the Legal Tender Act unconstitutional. The story of that judgment is one of the worst scandals of General Grant's administration, and is very briefly stated in the dissenting opinion of Chief Justice Chase, reported in the volume before us. In 1870 the Court, which then consisted of eight judges, pronounced by five to three a decision denying the validity of the Act in question, on the ground that laws impairing the sanctity of contracts were unconstitutional, and that the power of regulating the currency conferred by the Constitution on Congress no more included the power of issuing paper money and declaring it legal tender than of debasing the coin, and pronouncing a brass dollar capable of paying off a debt incurred in silver. It is certain that the States are expressly debarred from such acts, and that the Federal Government is not empowered by any clause in the Constitution to do them; so that the decision appears to be in accordance with the established principles of American Jurisprudence. It is also a significant fact that Chief Justice Chase, who was Secretary of the Treasury when the Act was passed, and who was the inventor of "greenbacks," concurred in the judgment. It was, however, fiercely resented by the party dominant in Congress and in possession of the Executive power. One of the majority of the Court resigned, leaving the parties therein four to three; another judge was added by Congress; and President Grant appointed to the two vacancies thus created

judges who were known to favour the legality of the Act. After the Court had been thus reconstructed, the late minority, with the aid of the two new judges, insisted on the most unusual and irregular step of reviewing the former judgment, and reversed it by five to four. This step was severely censured at the time, and has done much to discredit the authority of the Court, whose political importance as the one supreme arbitrator on constitutional questions, and the one check on Federal encroachment, has no analogy among English tribunals. The arguments of both parties will be found in this volume, and that of Chief Justice Chase contains a very brief and temperate, but not the less effective, history of the whole proceeding.

Mr. Nason's *Memoir of Mrs. Rowson** contains the story of one of the many Loyalist victims of the Revolution. Her father, Lieutenant Haswell, who had settled in Massachusetts, was apparently well inclined towards the colonial cause; but having served the King, and still, it seems, holding his commission, he could not reconcile it with his conscience to join in rebellion. He rendered many acts of kindness to his neighbours, whom his position as a British officer enabled him to protect, and did his best to remain neutral, but this was not allowed. His property was confiscated, and he himself put under surveillance, where he would have starved but for the gratitude of some whom he had served; and he was finally banished. His daughter married in England, and afterwards returned with her husband to the United States. She was a tolerably successful authoress, and some anecdotes, more amusing than probable, are told of her relations with the publishers, and the resistance she offered to attempts to employ her pen in the lowest kinds of literary theft or immorality. One of her works, *Charlotte Temple*, is said by Mr. Nason to be better known in the States than *Waverley*. We fancy it is not sufficiently known in England to enable many of our readers to estimate by that fact the literary taste of the American public.

The fifth volume of the *Survey of the Fortieth Parallel*† is devoted to Botany, and contains a very elaborate description of the flora of Utah and Nevada. The entire work is an admirable specimen of the scientific blue-books which form so remarkable a feature of the State literature of America. The expedition, consisting of several eminent men of science—geologists, botanists, mineralogists, zoologists, and so forth—has been engaged for some years in the task assigned to it, and has contrived to produce as full an account of the region over which its researches have extended as we possess of almost any country in the world. The geological character of the district, its mineral resources and its mining industry, its climate, its meteorology, its soil and agriculture, present and prospective, its natural history, and its geographical features are all described at length in these immense quarto volumes; and the Federal Government, which has organized and directed the exploration, has not scrupled at the cost of publication, or crippled the work and reduced its public value by economies of detail. The literary execution, the typography, paper, and engraving are all on a par with the fulness of the scientific and practical matter; and the result is a masterpiece of its kind—a work of which any country may well be proud, and which, in its own field, leaves nothing to be desired. The present volume—the last, we believe, of the series—gives an account of the general botanical features of the country, and the effect of climate and soil upon its vegetation; and this introductory treatise is followed by a detailed catalogue or descriptive list of all the plants of Utah and Nevada, illustrated by clear outline drawings of such as are peculiar to the region west of the Mississippi. Few men would have leisure or inclination to read such a book through; but as a work of reference it is complete and invaluable.

A more eager and professional, but less general and permanent, interest attaches to the very careful and elaborate Report‡ of the engineers sent by the War Department to examine the iron defences of Europe in general, and of England in particular. It describes every kind of iron-plating used in fortification, iron casemates and iron shields, iron ships, turrets, guns, and torpedoes; and it also gives a detailed account of the different forts at Portsmouth, on the Medway, &c. The writers visited and examined the torpedo manufactory of Austria, and obtained a minute explanation of their intended use as harbour defences; and they were equally careful in examining the defences, actual or intended, of other countries, though by far the largest space is given to those of England. The text is illustrated by a profusion of sketches and diagrams, which are so clear as to enable even unprofessional readers to obtain a glimmering of the sense.

The Twenty-Seventh Report of the Prison Association§ of the State of New York—a body of whose constitution and functions we have previously spoken at length, records its extreme dissatisfaction

* *The Fairfaxes of England and America in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; including Letters from and to the Hon. William Fairfax, President of Council of Virginia, and his Sons, Col. G. W. Fairfax and Rev. Bryan, Eighth Lord Fairfax, the Neighbours and Friends of George Washington.* By Edward D. Neill, Author of "Terra Marica," &c. Albany, N. Y.: J. Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1868.

† *The Science of Wealth; a Manual of Political Economy, embracing the Laws of Currency and Finance.* Condensed and Arranged for Popular Reading and Use as a Text-book, by Amasa Walker, LL.D., late Lecturer on Public Economy, Amherst College. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Fourteenth Annual Report of the Corporation of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York for the Year 1871-72.* In Two Parts. Compiled by George Wilson, Secretary. New York: Press of the Chamber of Commerce. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *The Legal Tender Cases of 1871.* New York: Office of the "Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register." London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

* *Memoir of Mrs. Susannah Rowson.* With Elegant and Illustrative Extracts from her Writings in Prose and Poetry. By Elias Nason, M.A. Albany: J. Munsell. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *United States' Geological Exploration of the Fortieth Parallel.* Clarence King, Geologist-in-Charge. Vol. V.—Botany. By Sereno Watson, aided by Professor Daniel O. Eaton, and others. Illustrated by a Map and Forty Plates. Submitted to the Engineer-in-Chief, and Published by Order of the Secretary of War, under Authority of Congress. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Professional Papers of the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army. No. 21. Report on the Fabrication of Iron for Defensive Purposes, and its Use in Modern Fortifications, especially in Works of Coast Defence.* Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Twenty-Seventh Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Prison Association of New York, and Accompanying Documents for the Year 1872.* Transmitted to the Legislature March 20, 1872. New York: Prison Association, Bible House, Astor Place. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

with the present system of discipline, or rather of disorder, in the penitentiaries and county prisons, in which no separation is enforced or attempted, in which untried and convicted prisoners, boys new to crime and hardened offenders, misdemeanants and felons, are mingled together, and the younger prisoners are almost openly trained by their elders in the language, the ideas, and the arts of the criminal profession. The Association earnestly insists that these places should be used only as places of detention for untried prisoners, and that convicted offenders should be sent to undergo their punishment elsewhere. It also notes the insecurity of the existing prisons, which has led in some cases to the ironing of untried persons to prevent their repeated attempts at escape. It recommends that the entire charge of the State prisons should be given to a permanent Commission, to be appointed by the Governor. The formal record of the operations of the Association during the preceding twelve months contains many points of interest, especially in reference to the inquiries undertaken by its officers, into the cases of poor and helpless accused persons, very many of whom have been discharged on the evidence collected for them, who would have been wholly unable to conduct their own cause with any chance of success.

Dr. George Wood publishes a collection of memoirs * written at different periods during the last half-century, for the most part historical, and relating generally to local topics. A history of the University of Pennsylvania, another of the Philadelphia Hospital, a third of the Girard Orphan Asylum, are among the principal pieces of this sort; a History of Christianity in India, and a Memoir of Dr. Franklin Bache, are of somewhat greater length and pretensions. The shortest, and by no means the least readable, paper in the collection is "On the Dangers of Hasty Generalization in Science." The publication of such collections is calculated rather to gratify the pardonable vanity of authorship than to interest the public.

Black Robes † is the title which Mr. Nevin has thought fit to give to a little volume in which he sketches the character and adventures of four different sets of missionary preachers in America; the Jesuits of Canada, the Moravians of Pennsylvania, the early Methodist preachers of the Border, when the Border lay in the midst of what are now among the most settled and civilized States of the Union, and was infested by powerful and hostile tribes of Indians, and, finally, their Presbyterian rivals. Notwithstanding its title, the book is not offensive in style, and is tolerably free both from dippancy and cant.

Upon our monthly list are several scientific papers published in pamphlet form, of which we need give no more detailed description than is furnished by their titles. Mr. Parker, before the American Institute, maintains his theses of the Non-existence of Projectile Forces in Nature. ‡ Mr. Giesler describes at some length and with curious illustrations the microscopic fauna of Croton Water §—the animalcules which the citizens of New York must be content to swallow alike in tea and cobblers. "A Catalogue of American Phenogamous Plants" ||, and *A Systematic Revision of Some of the American Butterflies* ¶, will doubtless have attractions for professed naturalists.

The *Congressional Directory* ** is intended to do for American politicians, in respect of the antecedents of members, of constituencies, and the records of elections, &c., what Dodd and other Parliamentary Guides have long done for English readers.

The *Old Back Room* †† is the story of a fatherless family of boys, and, in spite of its too persistent attempts to force a practical and religious moral on the reader, seems not unlikely to arrest the attention of children.

* *Historical and Biographical Memoirs, Essays, Addresses, &c.*; written at various times during the last Fifty Years, and now first published in the collected form. By George B. Wood, M.D., LL.D., President of the American Philosophical Society, President of the College of Physicians of Philadelphia, &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

† *Black Robes; or, Sketches of Missions and Ministers in the Wilderness and on the Border.* By Robert P. Nevin. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

‡ *Non-Existence of Projectile Forces in Nature.* A Paper read before the American Institute, March 1872. By John A. Parker of New York. New York: Wiley & Son. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

§ *Contributions to the Fauna of the New York Croton Water.* Microscopical Observations during the Years 1870-71. By Charles F. Giesler. With several woodcuts and 5 plates, containing 45 engravings on stone. New York: Charles Vogt, Steam Printer. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

|| *Catalogue of the Phanogamous Plants of the United States east of the Mississippi, and of the Vascular Cryptogamous Plants of North America north of Mexico.* Cambridge, Mass.: B. P. Mann. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

¶ *A Systematic Revision of Some of the American Butterflies; with Brief Notes on those known to occur in Essex Co., Mass.* By Samuel H. Scudder. Salem, Mass.: Printed at the Salem Press. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

** *Congressional Directory.* Compiled for the Use of Congress by Ben. Perley Poore, Clerk of Printing Records. First Edition, corrected to January 15, 1872. Washington: Government Printing Office. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

†† *The Old Back Room.* By Jennie Harrison. New York: Dodd & Mead. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1872.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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The First Series of three Annual Meetings, instituted to encourage Competition in Practical Music, will take place between Thursday, June 27, and Saturday, July 6, when Prizes of the aggregate value of £1,000 will be awarded by elected Juries of the most distinguished Musicians. A portion of the money proceeds will be allotted to the Royal Academy of Music and to the Royal Society of Musicians. The Competitions and Performances will take place as follows:

On THURSDAY, June 27.—Soprano and Tenor Vocalists will compete in public, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On SATURDAY, June 29.—Contralto, Baritone, and Bass Vocalists will compete in public, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On TUESDAY, July 2.—Choral Societies not exceeding 300 voices, Military Bands, and Bands of Volunteer Regiments, will severally compete, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On THURSDAY, July 4.—Competition for the Challenge Prize, value £1,000 (Class I). Chorus of 300 Voices. Choral Societies for Men's Voices, and Bands of Regiments of the Line will severally compete, commencing at One p.m. A Grand Concert, including Competitors, at Half-past Four.

On SATURDAY, July 6.—The ceremony of Distributing Prizes will take place at Three o'clock, to be followed by a Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concert, including the Competitors who have won Prizes; after which there will be a Grand Display of the Fountains, and an exhibition of Great Fireworks in the Evening.

By Order.

GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

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TEMPORARY WRITERS in GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS.—An **EXAMINATION** will be held on Thursday, June 27. **CANDIDATES** should attend before 12 o'clock at the Civil Service Commission, Cannon Row, Westminster. Good handwriting is essential.

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